

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now published by S. S. Smith and John Kimball, committee of the Board of Trustees appointed by the General Association of California, Oregon and Washington Territory. The Trustees for 1881-82 are: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, S. F. Buford, S. A. Chapin, John Kimball, E. O. Tade and P. S. Knight.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1570.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MAY 10, 1882.

VOL. XXXI. . . No. 19

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]
Waiting.

Waiting—only waiting;
Oh, how hard it seems!
Noble was my life-work,
When I dreamed my dreams.

I had fancied gladly,
I would scale the height
Where the palm crown resteth,
By the gates of light.

Bravely fight the battle,
Lift the banner high,
Send the anthem ringing
Through the starry sky.

Now my feet are weary,
Rough the way and long;
Weak hands folded idly,
Hushed the feeble song.

Hope and Faith, does Mercy
Stand at Heaven's gate,
Bearing crowns of glory
For those who only "wait"?

LUCKLING.

[Special correspondence of THE PACIFIC.]
THE SWEETS OF LIFE—HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Visit to a Louisiana Sugar Plantation—
The Two Methods of Making Sugar—
—Oldest Church in Louisiana.

(Concluded.)

MONTGOMERY (Ala.), April 15th, 1882.

We will begin our investigation of the process of sugar making at the cane fields. The planting commences in the fall; as much being put down as time and weather will permit. The cane is cut into pieces, leaving one or more "eyes" on each piece, just as farmers prepare potatoes for planting. From six to eight feet space is left between each hill, into which are put three pieces of the cane, from which spring several shoots. The hills are rounded up precisely like hills of corn, and a field of growing cane resembles a field of corn more than anything else. There is no bloom, no tassel, no silk; nothing but the straight, tall stalk, with its half-dozen or more long waving blades. Unlike corn, it does not require replanting every year. The stumps are left in the ground, and from one planting a harvest may be gathered for three or four years; then it becomes necessary to plow the ground and plant in something else. Usually corn and peas are planted, the peas being plowed under for a fertilizer. After one year cane can again be put in. Like every other crop, it requires careful attention and intelligent management.

Both men and women are employed as cane cutters. They use a broad instrument—neither a knife or a hatchet—with a sharp hook-shaped projection at one end; with which the blades at the top of the canes are stripped away; with one blow the stalk is cut down, another and its straggling leaves are cut off and it is ready for the cane wagon, in which it is hauled to the mill. Then it is placed upon a carrier, controlled by an endless belt, which takes it up in an inclined plane to the second story of the building, when it passes between three powerful rollers which crush it into atoms and extract every particle of the juice, leaving the cane as dry as a chip. This juice is similar to the sap which flows from the maple trees in the north, but of a much less pleasant flavor. From the rollers the juice of the cane is carried through pipes to what might be called receiving cisterns, passing on its way there through the smoke of burning sulphur which bleaches it. From these vats or cisterns other pipes convey it to the first boiler, which will hold about 350 gallons of the liquid. Here slacked lime is added which precipitates all foreign substances, and enables the sugar-maker to remove them when the liquid approaches boiling heat. There are six of the boilers placed side by side in one arch, and as the boiling progresses it is dipped from one to another until it reaches the last. The dipper used is a bucket fastened to a pole, the pole attached to the side of the arch in the same manner that oars are fastened to a rowboat. Two men manipulate it, and they will change the contents from one boiler to another in less time than it takes me to tell you about it. In the same manner a long wooden paddle is used to brush back from the boiling cyrup all impurities which rise to the top, those in the last boiler being brushed into the one just before it, and so on until the first boiler is cleared, when the contents are again clarified.

There are two methods of sugar making, but both are the same, so far as we have gone. By the "open kettle" process the cyrup is boiled until it will grain, then drawn off into low, wooden receivers, called "perjurers," where it is allowed to remain until it grains into sugar. It is then placed in hog-heads, and for twelve days left open, for the molasses to drip out of it. Then it is ready for the market or for the refiner. By this process only the yellow sugar, or brown, as some call it, can be made.

By the other method considerable machinery is used. The cyrup is conveyed from the last boiler through closed pipes to a receiver (the name has been forgotten), in which are coils of pipe heated by steam; a powerful pump exhausts the air, then the cyrup is heated

to a very high degree, when the water it contains is rapidly evaporated and escapes through a pipe provided for it. By placing a lamp at one end the sugar-maker can stand at the opposite end and watch the progress of the work going on within. When the cyrup reaches a certain point it is drawn off into vats to cool. From there it is let down into "the centrifugals," of which there are two in Mr. Kelly's sugar house. These are of iron, and they remind me as much as anything of iron wash-tubs attached to an upright axle. Inside the tub is a smaller one composed of copper netting. In this the sugar is placed. When it goes in it is yellow in color, and damp and heavy with molasses. When it comes out it is as white as the best coffee A sugar; the molasses is all extracted, and the strong taste is replaced by the delicious flavor we all like so well. The tub is set in motion, and around it goes, at the rate of twelve hundred revolutions in a minute; the molasses is forced out through the wire netting; the sugar, with each turn, gets dryer and whiter until it reaches the desired shade, when it is removed to the hog-heads. I do not pretend to understand the principle of it. They say velocity does the work. I know, with the molasses all taken out, the sugar is bound to be whiter, but it looks very much as if "the centrifugal" gives it such a whirling it gets scared white.

The working of one plantation differs very little from all others. Some are larger, many smaller, than that we visited. There they have about six hundred acres in cane, work fifty-two mules, and in the grinding season, which lasts from the 1st of November until the cane is used up—which usually is about the last of January—one hundred and fifty hands. The mill runs day and night, and turns out two hog-heads of sugar per day, aggregating three thousand pounds. The wages paid the help are about the same at all places, one dollar per day, with house rent free. When extra hours are worked the labor is paid for. The women cane cutters receive the same wages as the men; the women who feed the "cane carrier" work under cover and receive seventy-five cents per day. The men who feed the furnaces, "the firemen," receive from \$80 to \$100 a month. The fuel is wood, and experience and skill are both necessary to properly feed the great fire which keeps the boilers always up to the necessary degree of heat.

In good years an acre of ground, properly cared for, is expected to yield a net profit of \$100. Sometimes it will go beyond that, but far oftener it falls below. No crop is more easily damaged by frost, especially if warm, wet weather follows the cold. Every maple sugar maker knows how sap will sour in such weather, and after that will make nothing but a poor grade of molasses. Just so with cane; the saccharine matter turns acid and "poor New Orleans molasses" is the result, and then the account-book is heaviest on the wrong side.

The cost of the machinery for a sugar house runs from \$10,000 to \$25,000; the buildings may be either expensive or cheap affairs, just as suits the owner.

The cabins for the negroes are always set on the two sides of a broad avenue, and in their garb of fresh whiteness, present a very attractive appearance, sheltered by the broad branches of the great oak trees. They are comfortable enough inside, and the unvaried hog and hominy diet is in striking contrast to the luxurious table at the mansion house of the family.

Like all other phases of life, the glamour of romance fades with close contact. Work is just as hard in Louisiana as in Vermont. Nature has been more kind in the way of climate, but this is overbalanced by the want of energy which everyone feels who lives in the South. As a man remarked to me the other day: "It is sufficient labor just to breathe down here."

I find it so, and that accounts for my non-appearance in the columns of THE PACIFIC.

L. D. C.

Stultifying Wickedness.

That this is a rather forbidding caption I am myself quite aware, but it is as inviting as fidelity to truth admits of. The only other fitting one that occurs to me is Protestant Popery, which any one can take who prefers it. Either one will be a very mild expression of my abhorrence—"Abhor that which is evil"—of the out-and-out Catholic performances in many of our Congregational churches on Easter Sunday, and some other church days, as reported in the papers and emphatically commended in THE PACIFIC as "a good sign."

Will you tell us, pray, what "good" they are a "sign" of, according to all the teachings of God's Word, all the lessons of church history, and the uniform traditions of our fathers? Tell us, too, if you please, why the full force of the following scripture is not directly applicable to this case: "If I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor." This is just what I mean by stultifying wickedness. Wasteful folly is wicked folly. To spend time

and money, or sacrifice comfort and position, and even life, to destroy any great evil, and then subsequently re-establish the very same, or precisely similar evils, is clearly a piece of sinful folly. It is a case of stultifying wickedness, as clear as it would be for us, as a nation, to seek the re-establishment of slavery, after having destroyed it at such a fearful cost of treasure and blood.

But what else, or what better, are any direct efforts to introduce into our Protestant churches any purely Catholic ceremonies, or the special observances of any Catholic holiday, or memorial observances, which so many of our Congregational ministers are already doing? It is of course impracticable, and with most of our readers unnecessary, for me to retrace the sad history of what it has cost our Protestant churches to destroy just such Catholic observances—the sufferings they bore, the tortures they endured, the deaths they died, to say nothing of the money and the various personal comfort which they sacrificed in their conscientious protest and heroic struggles against them. They did all this, suffered all this, for "conscience toward God," from loyalty to their Bibles, in the interest of a pure Christianity, in behalf of the religious safety of their descendants, and now we—no, you; I beg to be counted out of all such works—these very descendants, only a few generations removed from them are deliberately undertaking to build again the very things which they destroyed at such an enormous cost—doing it, too, with evident glee, and even boasting of it as a fine affair and a "good sign."

If this is not a case of stultifying wickedness, what would be? The only case conceivable more grossly such would be one in which the very same individuals, rather than their children, rebuilt their own wrecks. That all such observances, already so common, and even so elaborate and expensive, in some of our city churches, are purely Catholic in spirit and in form I need not now any candid person can deny. They have no other origin, no other authority, no other legitimate sanction, than Catholic ones, and they are clearly as important in themselves and as potent in their tendencies as many of the things which the Reformers and Dissenters so sternly protested against, and so persistently refused to sanction in any way, at the cost of their places, their joy, and their personal safety, as good ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

How, then, one might like to know, has it so suddenly become clear to so many that these Reformers and Dissenters were utterly at fault in their heroic suffering for conscience' sake? Or who has taught us that many, if not all, of those very things that they so sternly repudiated and persistently opposed are, after all, very delightful services to the most spiritual Christians, and a very good sign of the beneficent tendency of evangelical Christianity in our day?

That all such observances, of whatever kind or degree, and on whatever occasion, are Catholic in principle, as well as in fact or in form, is also incontrovertible. What is the essential idea in Catholicism? What is the only fundamental principle in all real Protestantism? Why merely this and nothing more? Catholicism is the religion of the church; Protestantism is the religion of the Bible. Between these two fundamental positions there is really no neutral, no optional ground possible to any candid mind. This distinguishing difference is our impossible gulf that neither party can cross without a radical change in ecclesiastical principles, if not in Christian character. Just this was the main position of the Reformers and the stronghold of the Dissenters. Whatever God in his word clearly teaches, ordains or enjoins, that, and that only, is evangelical Protestant Christianity. All else is clear and sheer Popery.

There are here no pertinent questions of degrees, or times, or circumstances, or of intentions even, but only questions of fundamental principles, or of loyalty to our Lord. Christ, as "head over all things to the church," and "possessing all power in heaven and earth," must be our sole Master. "All things whatsoever He commands us, that we must observe and do," whether it be a matter of doctrine or duty, faith or practice, times or seasons, ceremonies or observances. On the other hand, whatever has not this clear sanction of our Lord, every true Protestant will, for this very reason alone, if for no other, utterly repudiate; and, if needs be, withstand to the face all who favor them, because they are to be blamed; and they may be more blameworthy than Peter was when Paul so withstood him. To taste, touch or handle anything religious that has not this divine sanction or seal of our Lord, is treason against our King, disloyalty to our inspired statutes, as our only rule of faith and practice.

With such unauthorized observances, Catholics alone, who hold that the church, as well as our Lord, has a divine right to institute, ordain or alter any and all religious observances, can have anything whatever to do with any shadow of consistency or without clearly stultifying wickedness. I repeat, this is not a case of degrees, nor of personal tastes, nor of ever-changing circumstances. It is a question clearly and exclusively of fundamental principle, under which "he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Every conceivable instance involves with like distinctness this decisive question: Has it the sanction of our Lord, or is it only a matter of human opinion or custom or preference? This settles the whole matter in every case. Clearly enough, if, as Protestants, we may innocently observe one day as especially sacred or significant, which is not set apart nor enjoined nor sanctioned as such by our Lord, then may we, for like reasons, observe any day or any number of days, until we have exhausted the whole Catholic calendar.

If we may innocently practice any religious ceremonies not clearly sanctioned by God's word, then may we practice all such ceremonies that any Catholic has ever practiced.

If we may innocently establish ecclesiastical offices, or elect church officers not found in the revised statutes of Christ's kingdom on earth, and hence without any authority from him then, where shall any one stop us or withstand us, short of a Pope, if we choose to go that far?

I cannot allow for a moment that there can possibly be any candid doubt or dispute about this as the only fundamental destruction between Catholicism and Protestantism over which the Christian world has so fiercely contended for more than a thousand years. Hence with me, for any of our Protestant churches, and especially any of our Congregational churches, to enter, as they are so largely and so ostentatiously doing, upon elaborate observance of Easter Sunday or Palm Sunday or Good Friday, is indeed a clear "sign"—whether good or bad—that we are fast abandoning, or rather have already abandoned, all the ground for which our Protestant ancestors fought and bled and died. A "sign" that we are already at work, building again the very things that they felt constrained to destroy at all hazard and all cost. If this is not to "make ourselves transgressors," then let us henceforth drop all disputes with all parties about all matters of right or wrong, since, even in the most sacred and important matters of religion, there are no distinctions that are discernable, or if discernable, they are of no practical importance.

P. B. C.

California Bible Society.

The annual commemorative exercises of the California Bible Society occurred on Sabbath afternoon at the Central M. E. church. In the absence of the President, E. P. Flint, one of the Trustees presided. William Abbott, Secretary of the Society, made his annual report, in which it was stated that during the year \$1,000 worth of Bibles had been distributed gratuitously, besides many sold for cash. All the vessels in the harbor had been supplied with books, and 2,000 destitute families had been visited and furnished with the sacred volume. Contributions had not been as large as in previous years. E. P. Flint, Treasurer of the Society, reported the total collections, donations and receipts at \$10,344.55; disbursements, \$10,202.57; balance on hand, \$141.95. John Thompson, District Superintendent, made a lengthy report, in which he stated that eight branches of the California Bible Society had been established during the year. The demand for Bibles exceeded the supply, and the presses of the American Society in New York had been unable to print enough of the King James translation. At its last meeting it had been decided to begin the fourth general exploration and supply, and during the year every home in the United States would be visited and furnished, when needed, with a Bible, whether the members thereof could pay for it or not. The exercises of the day concluded with addresses by Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, of the Howard Presbyterian church, and Rev. F. F. Jewell, of the Howard St. Methodist church.

Thirty years ago Rev. A. A. Sturges and wife sailed for Micronesia. Two years ago failing health compelled them to return to this country. Last Monday Mr. Sturges, leaving his wife behind, but accompanied by his nephew, Rev. Mr. Houston, sailed again by the Australian steamer to the field of his life-long labors. He wanted to go. In a letter to the Board he writes:

"Oh, for youth back again, that I might go into a new missionary life. I am anticipating more than earthly pleasures in returning to our loving children in the far-off isles of the sea. Oh, these compensations to your missionaries; they are a thousand fold more, at least in our case, than the Master ever promised. True, the undertaking seems great, and the parting will be sad; but when the Saviour bids me go and the American Board has opened the door, and my family all consent, I feel strong, and my heart bounds to be off! I hope the check to Paul's over-joy will not be needed in my case. We who have been in your service for the Master in foreign lands alone know the delights of such a service. Your happy and grateful missionary,"

A. A. STURGES.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

Our May Meeting.

The few gentlemen on the Seminary Park train last Wednesday morning must have been surprised at the number of lady passengers. They were evidently not school girls. The numerous black silks and grey hairs proved that a most dignified assembly was marshaling its forces.

They could soon have learned, however, for the asking, that the Board of the Pacific and the Occidental Board were making their annual visit to Mills' Seminary. Not on separate days, as heretofore, but keeping each other company in real sisterly fashion. This was in response to Mrs. Mills' most generous and hospitable invitation. We felt just a little alarmed as we saw the carriage fill and refill at Seminary Park Station, but there was no alarm visible in Mrs. Mills' cordial greeting. We were welcome everywhere. We felt it in the open doors, the beautiful bouquets of sweet flowers, and the eager readiness with which all our wants were anticipated.

A half-hour passed rapidly in removing outside wraps, visiting and looking about a little. The two Executive Committees held informal meetings meantime.

Then we were invited to a bountiful lunch, at which one hundred and fifty guests must have been present, making with the young lady students a large company. After lunch an hour was spent most delightfully; some wandered about the spacious, highly cultivated grounds, admiring the extensive lawn and the bare plants; others visited the school rooms, the girls' private rooms, the museum and art room, the gymnasium, finding everywhere just the equipment necessary for making each room most useful. The museum has lately been enlarged by the purchase of a collection of casts from Prof. Ward—duplicates of a part of the collection just donated to the Academy of Sciences. The art room gave evidence that it was well patronized and appreciated. But before we could half take it all in, a loud, prolonged bell-ringing hurried us to the assembly room, for the enjoyment of the chief of all good things, our missionary meeting.

Mrs. McLean being obliged once more to enter her darkened room, Mrs. Noble prevailed on Mrs. P. D. Browne of the Occidental Board to preside at this union meeting. By half past one the large audience of not less than three hundred were all comfortably seated, some members of both Executive Committees being on the platform. Mrs. Browne gave out for the first hymn "Wonderful Words of Life," the singing of which was led by the young ladies of the Seminary. Then she read the fortieth chapter of Isaiah in alternation with the girls, first speaking of the chapter in the words of another, as "the most beautiful poem in the world," and requesting those present to associate the fifteenth verse with this meeting. After the reading, Mrs. Sadler offered a most earnest and impressive prayer. Mrs. Mills said she was glad to welcome us all, though more had come than was expected, yet we had not crowded them, the whole house being at our disposal. She said she was especially glad to welcome the two Boards together. It reminded her of her pastor's recent sermon on "an army with banners." Here were two divisions of Christ's army—one interest uniting them most heartily. She herself was a missionary many years, as a Congregationalist, under the American Board; then she married a Presbyterian, and has since been connected with churches of all denominations. She was cosmopolitan in her faith, and loved to think of the "one great company who were to wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Mrs. Van Blarcom said she was probably chosen to reply to Mrs. Mills' words of welcome, because she too was cosmopolitan: "I learned my catechism under the first ritualistic Bishop in this country. My mother was a Methodist. I married a gentleman of the Dutch Reformed Church, but am now a Congregationalist. We are glad to come here to-day. If you will take your Webster and string together all the sweet, strong words, then you will know how we feel. Young ladies, remember this day all your life; after awhile you will take our places and this charge. Work for the Master, not selfishly, but for all the world, and then you will find your noblest compensation."

Mrs. Condit replied on behalf of the Occidental Board, and also gave us a general Missionary outlook:

"There never was a time when nature and art were so conspicuously united. Our yards have become landscapes—even our staid Missionary Boards have become aesthetic. Beauty everywhere. It's a lovely day in a lovely spot. We will never forget this May-day. Where on all the Pacific Coast could we take such an outlook as from here? Here is Mexico, our nearest neighbor, with nine million perishing souls. Are there not some young ladies in this school who will one day put the sickle into this harvest field? The North American Indians

in their degradation are calling for help. In 1859 the first missionary went to Japan. Now in that country there are many missions, schools and Christian scholars. The missionaries labored in China twelve years without a convert; now there are many inquiring for the knowledge of the truth. In Siam there is much need of earnest work; in Laos, too, where is now our beloved Mary Campbell from this Seminary. Of this country it has been said, "Woman a drudge; slavery and polygamy join hands; Buddhism the religion of the nation." Of Syria it has been said, "There a woman is no better than an ox."

Here in America are the Chinese at our doors. We have merely outlined this picture; the etchings are suggestive, but it needs fresh, warm, loving hearts to fill in the outline. We have seen in Decorative Art rooms beautiful vases, covered with manifestations of rare skill. As the soul is more precious than a potter's vase, would it not be a glorious work to put upon these souls which we touch in Japan, China, India, the beautiful pictures of charity, love and faith? God bless these dear faces. I again return thanks for the privilege of looking upon this scene.

One of the young ladies then sang "Stay not" as a solo, with chorus by the school. Mrs. Noble introduced Mrs. Jewett who read a brief report of the Woman's Board of the Pacific during the nine years which have passed since its organization. She also exhibited pictures of the Kioto and Broussa school buildings, and a picture just received of the scholars and teachers at the Kioto school, taken in one group.

One of the teachers of the Seminary then reported for the Tolman Band. They have raised two hundred and fifty dollars this year; fifty of which was then handed to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Noble, with the request that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kimball be made life members, one of each society.

After a recitation, "What shall I do for Jesus," by one of the younger pupils, two little Chinese girls from the Presbyterian Mission school were brought before the audience. They sang, at the call of Miss Culbertson, their teacher, "Happy Land" and "Jesus Loves Me," in Chinese; they sang a movement song, "Clean Hands," in English; they repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in both English and Chinese. Ching Fah then repeated most distinctly the parable of the Prodigal Son—a feat which few little American girls could perform. The audience were asked to call upon them for texts of Scripture containing any certain words, such as prayer, love, etc. In response they gave many texts with great readiness and accuracy.

Mrs. Cde read a letter from Stephanos closing with the request that she give herself one great big kiss from him, and give three to Miss Katie (her daughter, of whom he was very fond). Mrs. Brown read a letter from Mrs. Chin Tin. Mrs. Mills read a letter from India, giving a most interesting account of the circumstances under which an Indian princess sent a message to Queen Victoria, concerning the sufferings of her sex in that country.

Mrs. Noble then introduced Mrs. De Forest, who has been eight years engaged in missionary work under the American Board, in Osaka, Japan. She, with her husband and three young children, is on her way east to Connecticut for a year's rest, on account of Mr. De Forest's health.

Mrs. De Forest talked very pleasantly and instructively about Japan and its missions. She showed us a Japanese suit with stockings and sandals; a stomach-warmer; a small case of copper in which burning incense could be placed, and then worn inside the dress.

She told us of Miss Starkweather's school, which she had lately visited, and of the good work being done there.

Then, in reply to questions from the audience, she told us something about Capt. Jane's scholars from Kumamoto, most of whom are now successful pastors. She told us of the discipline of Japanese children, it being the custom to whip them till some outsider comes in and "begs the child off." She told us of the religion of Japan, and of the many enquirers about the truth of the Christian religion.

Mrs. Van Blarcom exhibited some costumes from the Feejee Islands, and presented to Mrs. Mills, for the use of the school, a war club and a takir.

By this time it was four o'clock—we had been two hours and a half in meeting. The time had passed so fast, and had been crowded so full of things, that we did not feel at all weary. Soon the rolling up of the carriages was heard, last words were said, and we left one of the loveliest spots in California, amid manifold expressions of delight and satisfaction.

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

In the awful mystery of human life, it is a consolation sometimes to believe that our mistakes, perhaps even our sins, are permitted to be instruments of our education.

Communications.

The Producers of Wealth.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY P. PETROFF, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

St. Matthew xx: 25, 26, 27—xxiii: 10, 11, 8.

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said: Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them."

"But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."

"And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

"Neither be ye called masters; for one is your Master, even Christ."

"But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

"But be ye not called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

St. Mark x: 42, 43, 44.

"But Jesus called them to him and said unto them: Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them."

"But so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister."

"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all."

St. Luke xxii: 25, 26.

"And he said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors."

"But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

In our last (Part III.), we affirmed that the liberators of this country were true believers in the Scriptures, were guided by the words of the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ in their spiritual affairs, and accepted him as their Supreme Master and Ruler in their politico-economic affairs also; therein submitting themselves to be guided and directed by the doctrine of His Holy Gospel. To verify this assertion, I respectfully ask the intelligent reader to read carefully the "Declaration of Independence" and "The Federal Constitution" in its original form. By doing so and comparing them with the above-quoted words of the Holy Gospel, he will see clearly that these words of our Saviour gave them the germ for those two historic and memorable national documents.

Having satisfied ourselves so far, we must admit incontrovertibly that our Saviour, although invisible, nevertheless is, or ought to be, our Supreme Master and Ruler in all our national affairs. Therefore, all laws pertaining to the people at large, all politico-economic conditions and social relations, should be framed and shaped in such way and order as not to stand in any great hostility to the above-quoted words of our Saviour, and to the "Declaration" and "Constitution." And we see that if the laws of the nation and our politico-economic conditions and social relations are opposed, and perhaps are altogether contrary to the doctrines of the holy gospel, and consequently also contrary to the spirit and letter of the basic and fundamental stones of our national structure—the "Declaration" and "Constitution"—then our national family is divided against itself; and according to the words of our Saviour, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation." And it is self-evident that the more we deviate in our national affairs from the doctrines of the holy gospel, so much the more we will prove ourselves unworthy to retain him as our supreme Master and invisible Ruler, and that our downfall as a free nation is imminent, unless we repent and change our national affairs, as far as it is possible and practicable to do so, into accordance with the doctrines of the holy gospel. Simultaneously with the undeniable proof that our system of government rests solely upon the words of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as above stated, the intelligent reader finds in the above-quoted words of the gospel similarly incontrovertible proof that the monarchical system of government is entirely overthrown and discarded by him. Hence our assertions in the previous parts (II. and III.), that these two systems are antipodal, and that the monarchical does not belong to our (Christian) era at all, are fully substantiated. Therefore, it is again self-evident that the more we adopt and carry into our national affairs the customs, laws and politico-economic conditions of the old world (monarchical), so much the more we jeopardize our own system, and weaken the strength of our nation. This is verified also by the words of our Saviour, who said that he would make all things new. As our system is now, and the first effort in the times of modern civilization, for man to govern himself by his own conscience, therefore it should be kept new, and in conformity with the doctrines of the holy gospel; hence everything that evil affects the whole nation should be avoided.

Having arrived at a point where we can see the chasm of difference between monarchical and our own system of government, let us now look squarely into the face of truth, without any attempt whatever to deceive ourselves, and ask what essential differences exist between the social relations and politico-economic conditions of our nation and those of the nations of the monarchical realms.

Every American who has been abroad—and especially those who have visited Europe accompanied by their families, and sojourned in the capital cities long enough to become acquainted with the

customs and social relations of the nations under monarchical rules—finds that our customs and social organizations are nearly the same. That is, we have carried over and adopted in this respect all there is to adopt, except the titles of the privileged nobility and aristocracy. And this gap we have filled up by a moneyed aristocracy, which is incomparably worse than the titles of our antipodes. By thus doing we have lost sight of a very grave fact, which constitutes the very germ of all our internal troubles, viz., that monarchy rests on the political inequality of the people, whereas a Republic derives its moral strength and rests upon the political equality of all the members of the Republic. To preserve the inequality, a monarchy must and does keep the bulk of the nation (the laboring and producing strata of the people) in poverty and illiteracy, and thus politically powerless. On the other hand, it must and does empower the privileged minority of the nation (the nobility and aristocracy) to reap the fruits of labor and production; and thus keeps them politically powerful for the control of the people, and the support of the Government. It dispenses to their children free and the highest education at the Government's expense, compelling them after graduation to serve the Government (in military or civil services) for a certain number of years, as remuneration for the expense of their education. Thus giving to the rich and the poor of the privileged classes the best pedagogical education, and by this start in life, the necessary means for self-support. True, the Government's emoluments are far from being an adequate means for a decent living, nevertheless they are not so small as to compel a man to die upon his salary. And this deficiency of pecuniary means is, in most cases, amply covered by his title of nobility. Be one ever so poor, if he is in the Government's service, and conducts his life properly, he has the unquestionable right to appear in aristocratic society; his birthright amply covers his dress-coat if it is shabby.

Not so in a Republic. A Republic rests upon the political equality of all its members, and to realize and preserve this equality, the bulk of the people (the laboring and producing classes) must necessarily have the same chance and opportunity for giving education and knowledge to their children with the rich and wealthy unproductive classes. And this principle our Government recognizes, and we have this in the most liberal degree.

Every year our pedagogical institutions, viz., universities, colleges, academies, high schools, etc., graduate many thousands of young men, very many of them highly educated. They are aloft upon the sea of life, thrown out on their own responsibility and resources. All cannot become scientists, neither can all be professionals, but all must have the means for living. It is perfectly safe to say that the greater part of them have no resources whatever from their parents; hence, all have to look for some kind of employment. Being fortunate enough to find some kind of employment approximately corresponding to his education, the young man at the best finds himself with means barely sufficient for a decent living. Now during all his youthful years in educational institutions, from the public school to the university, he became acquainted and befriended through his classmates with many respectable families, which acquaintances in many instances he is obliged to discontinue, because the salary received for his work is barely adequate to cover the common necessities of life, and he has in no wise means to satisfy the demands and requirements of the society to which he, by his education, prepared himself. And the inexorable laws and etiquette of the moneyed aristocracy are very severe in discriminating between the shabby thrived and the broadcloth. He lacks that little thing called "birthright title," which covers so well the elbow if it comes through the sleeve "to take the air." Hence is seen the necessity for the spiritual and moral tutor to raise the mind of the young man as much as possible to seek for that which is so hard for men to get, but which he needs so dearly in order to preserve that young life from breaking down.

But now, kind reader, let me ask, will you continue to blame the spiritual and moral tutor for teaching the youth contrary to the teachings of our Saviour, or are you prepared to place that blame upon more proper shoulders?

San Francisco, March 22, 1882.

Abideth Forever.

When the great traveler, Baron Humboldt, was journeying in South America, there came one day a sudden stillness in the air, which seemed like a hush over all nature. But that was followed by a fearful convulsion of the earth, which made all hearts quake. And Humboldt tells us that the earthquake within his soul was as great as that in the world without. All his old views of the safety of the earth were destroyed in a moment. Should he fly to the hills for help? The mountains were reeling like drunken men. The houses were no refuge, for they were crumbling and falling, and the trees were overthrown. Then his thoughts turned to the sea—but, lo! it had fled. Ships which just before were floating securely on its surface, were now left rocking in the sands. Being thus at his wit's end, he tells us he "looked up, and observed that the heavens alone were calm and unshaken."

How grateful to the fearful and trembling heart it is to know that "though the mountains be removed and carried into the midst of the sea," there are some things which cannot be moved. These are some of the things which cannot be shaken: "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting."—*The Watchword.*

The Cost of Rum.

We pay about one-eighth as much for education as for rum; twice as much for rum as for the support of the Government, and fifteen times as much to the dram shop as to the church. We waste over seven hundred millions of dollars a year for the debasement of the intellect and the destruction of the body, and pay less than one hundred millions for education and culture. Then we throw over fifteen times as much into the seething caldron of rum, as we contribute annually to the cause of religion! Are not these startling statements? Do you comprehend the enormity of this national vice?

This vast waste would provide a school-house, thoroughly appointed, for every fifty of our children, and set teachers in the midst of them of the highest possible culture. Aside from the lamentable havoc and waste caused by the use of rum, we are compelled to support courts, and prisons, and an army of beneficial benefactors, in the name of charity, which would be almost wholly unnecessary were the people taught to shun rum as their greatest enemy. Then would we have work, instead of charity; plenty instead of starvation; clean and slightly garments, instead of rags; wholesome houses, instead of hovels; and health, instead of distress.—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

Save Me Next.

A beautiful incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, everyone crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might bear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debauchee, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to Him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."—*E.R.*

A Cornish Cobbler's Sermon.

"He first findeth his own brother, Simon." Now I am sure 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em, every one; and He bought 'em, every one, with His precious blood. They're His every way, and the devil is a thief. I've often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our mother Eve in paradise, he hadn't got any bit 'o' a little for to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apples. He haven't got anything at all of his own. . . . Andrew didn't say: "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to do; but he says: "There's Simon; I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on trying till you've got it; and then try for another. We might do a good deal 'o' good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folks a singin', an' meanin' it, too:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."
An' because the realm 'o' nature wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all.—*Southern Churchman.*

There is one character of funerals often seen in Tucson, says the *Arizona Star*, that in many respects is peculiarly touching. We refer to the burial of little children belonging to the poorer class of Mexicans. It is nothing unusual to see the father walking through the streets with the dead body of his child in an ordinary rain-box, while the grief-stricken mother walks behind, often leading one or two other children. But even here the tender love of their parental hearts shows itself in the cheap and often gaudy decorations of the improvised coffin, for it will be covered with some bright colored paper, more often red than otherwise, and around the edges neatly cut scrolls of white paper. From the residence of the priest they slowly wend their way through the deep dust and hot sun to the cemetery, and there, within the precincts of consecrated ground, lay away forever the child whose prattle will never again gladden their hearts.

I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides, the infidel observed to his friend that they might as well drop the subject of conversation; "for," said he, "I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied that you do not really believe it yourself; for to my certain knowledge, you have not given for the last twenty years as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if I believed one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the church my rule for giving, and my farm the exception."—*Presbyterian.*

California.

California is the second largest State in the Union, Texas only being larger. It is nearly as large as the Eastern and Middle States combined. Its length is about seven hundred and fifty miles; its average breadth, two hundred and fifty; and its area, about 155,000 square miles.

It is more than two-and-a-half times as large as all of the New England States, in which is included the State of Massachusetts, with a population of 1,800,000. It is more than twice as large as the great States of New York and Pennsylvania together, which support a population of quite 10,000,000. It is larger than the three agricultural States of Illinois, Ohio and Missouri, within whose boundaries over 7,000,000 of inhabitants live comfortably, and have an abundance of room to spare; and which States still invite immigration within their borders.

California has as much sea coast as the New England States, New York, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland combined.

The San Francisco Bay is a better harbor than any on the Atlantic Coast; and the San Diego Bay is as good as any.

The number of acres of agricultural lands, including tule and foot-hill lands, as given by the United States Surveyor-General, is larger than that of the two most prosperous and populous states in the Union—New York and Pennsylvania.

The number of acres of timber lands exceeds that of Minnesota and Wisconsin together, or of that of all the New England States.

The mining region of California covers nearly as much territory as the mountains within her borders; and embraces a country as large as Michigan and Pennsylvania, which two states are noted for copper, iron and coal. The mountains of the Golden State produce more gold than any other country in the world, and are rich in silver, lead, copper, iron, quicksilver, and other metals. In fact, the variety of precious and base metals is quite as great as that of Europe or Asia.

The climate of California is as balmy as that of Italy. The soil is deep and rich as that of France. The climate and soil will produce a greater variety of products than any other political division in the world.

The storms are less frequent and severe than those of Spain, Portugal, or Japan. The surface of the country is not below the sea-level, and requiring the expense of maintaining hundreds of miles of dike, and immense levees, as does Belgium, or the larger part of Germany.

The natural wonders are as marvelous and as great in number and variety as those of the Alps or Appennines.

With these varieties, equalities, advantages, and superiorities, California invites population from all the civilized world; and people from any clime may find a congenial home, similar, in many respects, to the one left behind.

It is evident the future of California will be a grand one—at present it is but an infant in population and wealth, and its capabilities are almost unlimited in number and value to the human race.

The following figures show its superiority in size, and its inferiority in population, compared with some of the greatest, richest, happiest, and most prosperous nations on the earth:

	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
California	188,981	860,000
San Salvador	7,335	600,000
Guatemala	44,778	1,180,000
Wales	7,377	1,300,000
Cuba	42,383	1,400,000
Chili	19,000	2,400,000
Greece	130,000	1,700,000
Ceylon	25,000	2,600,000
Switzerland	16,000	2,800,000
Scotland	31,324	3,600,000
Portugal	36,000	4,400,000
Ireland	32,512	5,400,000
Spain	193,000	16,565,000
England	50,922	23,500,000
Prussia	135,000	25,750,000
Italy	114,000	29,000,000
Japan	149,000	35,000,000
Syria and Palestine	60,000	3,000,000

The Garfield Monument at Washington.

Prominent among the undertakings to honor and perpetuate the memory of the late President Garfield, the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, of which General Garfield was a prominent member, has far advanced plans for the erection of a magnificent monument or statue at the National Capital, that is rapidly becoming a popular national movement.

The committee consists of the following gentlemen who were appointed by Gen. P. H. Sheridan, the President of the Society, as possessing peculiar fitness for the duty intrusted to them: Gen. James Barnett, Merchant, of Cleveland, Ohio, Chairman; Gen. Henry M. Cist, Attorney at Law, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Recording Secretary; Gen. W. A. Robinson, Banker, Pittsburg, Pa.; Gen. A. B. Underwood, U. S. Surveyor, Custom-house, Boston, Mass.; Gen. Anson G. McCook, M. C., of New York City; Gen. J. C. Smith, Chicago, Ill.; Gen. J. G. Parkhurst, of Coldwater, Mich.; Lieut. John Ruhl, of Nashville, Tenn.; and Col. H. C. Corbin, Asst. Adj. Gen., U. S. Army, the latter of whom is Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

In the desire to make this movement one in which the whole people may be represented, by even the smallest contribution, the Postmasters of every town in the country have been appointed agents for the collection of subscriptions, and are especially charged with the fact that no subscriptions, however small, will be refused.

"Do you get any holidays in your office?" asked a returned divine of a cherry-looking worker in secular walks. "O, yes; we get a day to get buried on."

If all these years the phenomenally high rates of wages in domestic service have failed to bring us anything like as many white girls as we require, it cannot be expected that this class would come over in large numbers even if they were told that the way was clear for them. It may be questioned whether a Chinaman has ever prevented a white girl from getting housework in this State. Certainly the white girls have never evinced the least fear of Chinese rivalry.—*Sacramento Union.*

A gallant old gentleman by the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering-place, presented it to her with the following words:

If from your glove you take the letter G, Your glove is love, which I devote to thee.

To which the young lady returned the following neat answer:

If from the Page you take the letter P, Your Page is age, and that won't do for me.

When Charles V., king of Spain, became emperor of Germany, he adopted for an imperial coat of arms the two pillars of Hercules encircled by the two serpents which Juno sent to strangle Hercules in his cradle. Thereafter this device was stamped on the Spanish coins. Hence the \$.

C. F. McGlashan, editor of the *Santa Barbara Press*, expects to go East very soon to exhibit his patent device for holding telegraphic communication with moving trains to the great trunk lines that traverse the Eastern States.

Zululand, in South Africa, after the ravages of war, is now suffering a serious famine, the crops having failed on account of the drought.



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The Children's Corner.

Winkie's Lullaby.

You naughty, naughty Winkie Gray,
You haven't slept at all to-day;
So now lie still upon my lap,
Like a good child, and have your nap;
You can be quiet if you try,
So, bye-low-bye, bye-low-bye.

The dollies all are watching you—
Doll Rosy has the measles too—
They'd like the best of anything
For me to rock with them and sing.
Awake yet? Yes, I see your eye,
O Winkie, bye-low, bye-low-bye!

You play and run so much about,
That you get cross and tired out.
(She boxes pussy's ears.) You'll find
Your easiest way will be to mind!
Hush, it will do no good to cry!
There—bye-low-bye, bye-low-bye.

I've tucked the blankets round you close,
Only your tail and little nose
Are out. Don't squirm in that way! See,
You've scratched me, naughty Winkie Wee!
Go now, bad child, I'll never try
Again to rock you lullaby!

—Selected.

A True Story for Little Children.

One day in January, eight years ago, there came to a minister's home in our own California a baby boy. The father, mother, grandmother, aunts and little brother were very much pleased with the baby, who was, even when a baby, very quiet and lovable. He was a real comfort to everybody. Little babies, of course, are not to blame for crying, and being what we call "cross babies," yet even the little children who may read this story know what a great trial it is to have the baby all the time crying, and how tired mamma looks when baby has been cross all day, and how it almost destroys the comfort of every one in the house when baby cries all of the time and everything that everybody does to soothe it proves unsuccessful. But this baby won the love of all hearts because he was good, partly, and besides he was a beautiful boy, active and bright, and as day by day he grew, (and of course after awhile was no longer a baby,) it seemed as though the earnest Spirit of Christ must have been in his heart even from his birth, he talked and lived so wonderfully in the spirit of the dear Saviour, and many expressed the fear that Jesus was going to take him very soon home to heaven.

I think it is not nice for people to feel that because children love Jesus and try to do that which will please him that they will die, and not live to be men and women. For many children who have loved Jesus when they were very young have grown up to be men and women, and have been the means of doing a great deal of good in the world by inducing others to love and serve the Saviour. Besides, God promises in his holy word, the Bible, that children who do the will of God shall live long on the earth. So that I think those children who are trying to obey God ought to expect to live to be men and women, although of course God, their heavenly Father, may have some especial reason for wanting them to dwell with him in his heavenly home. Anyway, this little boy who was so unusually good and gentle was not the one God wanted while he was so very young out of the minister's home. He visited the minister's home, 'tis true. But the one he took to live with him in heaven was the little brother, who, although a darling boy, and his father and mother and grandmother and aunts loved him, oh, how they loved him, yet they had thought to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord on earth. And see, children, God took him home to dwell with him in heaven, and left in the earthly home the little boy who seemed so ready to go to heaven.

Did any of you children ever have a little brother or sister die? If you have, you know how sorry you feel, you know how pale and sad your mamma looked, and how tenderly your papa put his arm around her and hid his own grief that he might comfort her; and I trust some of the little children who may read this, know too, how hard they tried to comfort both papa and mamma by loving words and kisses, and what is still better by a quick obedience to their wishes, and by kind acts to each other, being patient and gentle. You know all about it, children. You know what helps papa and mamma more than anything else: I need not tell you. Well, little Harry Nash did help his mamma and papa to bear their dreadful sorrow, and God let him stay with them after his little brother died, four years, to help them. But last week, then he was a little more than eight years old, older than the little brother was when God took him, God took little Harry too, and now both little boys are safe home in heaven. And, children, what have they now in the minister's home to comfort them, for they have no other children? I will tell you.

First, they have the Comforter himself, whom all Sunday-school children know about.

You know Jesus, when he went away from earth, sent the Comforter to his disciples; and Harry's papa and mamma have first of all this Comforter: and one of the ways in which the Holy Comforter soothes and comforts them, is, I think, to whisper to their hearts beautiful words and deeds of their little boy; and I am going to tell you about a few of these.

The thought has come into my mind right here, "I wonder if the children have the idea from what I have written that Harry was never naughty." If you have, I want to tell you before I write any more that such a thought would be entirely a mistake. There was never but one child who did not do wrong. All S. S. children can speak the name of that child—Jesus. What I mean you to understand is, that Harry took Jesus for his pattern, and tried very hard to be like him; and when he sometimes did wrong, he was sorry, and asked Jesus to forgive him,

and help him not to be naughty any more, and he tried very hard to do what was right.

I well remember one Sabbath last Sept., when I was visiting Harry's mamma for a few days, that I heard his mamma say to him: "Harry, did you do this?" He answered: "Yes, mamma," and she expressed her grief and surprise, and bade him go to his room. I hear him going very slowly up the stairs, and shortly after I heard his mamma follow. I don't know what he had done, but his mamma's voice was surprised and sad and Harry's step was slow and sorry; not quick and happy. I only relate the little incident, so that none of you may have a wrong impression from what I have told you. Harry was just as fond of play as any little boy I ever knew, and he went to school and had a real bright, happy boy life. It is right for little boys and girls to laugh and play, and one of the things, I think, which will comfort Harry's papa and mamma now in their great loneliness will be the remembrance of Harry's happy laugh and bounding step through the house; and it was only when he had grieved his papa and mamma that Harry was sad; for, of course, he knew when he displeased them, he was grieving the dear Saviour too.

I wonder how many of the children who may read this story, and who read their little S. S. books and other stories, I've read the Bible? Stop a minute and think about this. You learn your S. S. lessons, and read the Bible a little sometimes: but do you really love to read it? Little Harry Nash did, and I myself think this was very remarkable. His mamma has a precious little slip of paper, and on it is written this sentence: "Read to me out of the Bible." Harry wrote these words when he was dying. He was suffering dreadful pain; for he was choking, children; and yet he would lie quietly while his papa read to him out of God's word. Over and over the 23d Psalm and precious promises out of Isaiah, his father read to him; because if he stopped reading, Harry would signify his desire for him to continue.

"Pray for me. All pray for me," he would say, previous to the dreadful operation which prevented his ever speaking again; and his papa and mamma and aunts, kneeling around his bed, would all pray aloud over and over again. And God comforted Harry, even though he permitted him to suffer. And so God comforts Harry's papa and mamma (although their hearts are almost broken in their childless home) by the recollection that Harry did not doubt his Heavenly Father's love, although he let him have that dreadful disease—diphtheria.

Harry knew he was going to heaven. He did not talk of dying, but of going to Jesus and his grandmamma, who went only a little while ago to heaven, and whom Harry dearly loved. "Jesus and grandmamma will take care of me," he said. He was very much interested last winter in Mr. Moody's meetings, and formed a little "meeting" of his boy companions, and they read the Bible and sang and prayed together, and gave their little money to charitable purposes. Before he died, his mamma asked him what she should do with some money he had. "Give it to my meeting," he whispered.

Maj. Whittle, and Mr. McGranahan were holding meetings in his papa's church when he was taken sick, and he was very much interested in these. Indeed, his mamma thinks that he did not tell her at the very first that his throat was sore, because of his anxiety to attend these meetings. He spoke of a sore throat first on Friday, and the Tuesday following he died. Sunday morning, after his papa had gone to church, he asked his mamma to read either out of the Bible, or else "the story of the Bible," aloud to him; and then he asked her to sing "Rock of Ages." She broke down when she came to the verse

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,"
and Harry took up the words and sang the hymn. This was the first hymn he ever heard, and he could sing it when he was very small, almost a baby; for he had a great musical talent, and a great love for music; and his papa and mamma sang for him hour after hour while he was sick, at his own request.

Harry is singing with the angels now. His work on earth is done. He did it faithfully and well. And now I want to ask the little boys and girls who may read this story, if they too would not like to do something for Jesus? Our Saviour when he was on this earth, had great pity on those who were sorrowful and in trouble, and we are told in God's word to "weep with those who weep." That means, not I suppose that we should cry exactly, but that we too should be sorry and try to help those who are in trouble. What I want to ask you to do is this—when you kneel down to pray, and ask God to bless your own papa and mamma, I wish you would remember that little Harry Nash's papa and mamma have no one now to pray for them, "Bless my papa and mamma," and I think it would please the Saviour, and be a great comfort to Harry's papa and mamma, if you truly feel sorry for them, and ask God to comfort them.

And now I am going to give you just a few words from the Bible to commit to memory. They are these: "I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by name, thou art mine." This was a real comfort to little Harry, that the Saviour knew his name—Harry Gray Nash. Little children, he knows your names too. Will you not love him?

Jean Ingelow but voices the experience of every mature Christian when she says: "I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered." Some of the greatest blessings we have ever received from God have been denials. Our God is good when he gives, and when he withholds, supremely good. Thy will be done, O our gracious Father!

Australian Vastness.

It is not easy to grasp the enormous bulk of the Australian continent—the practically unlimited space within which the colonies have room to grow. The colony of Victoria—the smallest and at the same time the most popular and highly developed of the continental group—is about as large as Great Britain; New South Wales has an area five times that of England, but it is not half so big as Queensland, and only a third of the size of South Australia. Western Australia is even larger and more empty of population; after measuring acres with South Australia, it would have almost sufficient land to furnish out New Zealand and Tasmania, and yet New Zealand and Tasmania are nearly as large as Scotland. The acreage under crop in the Australian colonies in 1880 was 6,500,000 acres. That seems a respectable total; yet it seems ridiculously small when we compare with it the illimitable extent of land yet lying waste. To take the case of New South Wales, while there are 635,000 acres in cultivation, and 17,500,000 acres inclosed, there are 180,000,000 acres, much of it excellent land, still unalienated. Even at the present rapid rate at which the land is being fenced, it will occupy 180 years to dispose of it all. This colony alone contained the extraordinary number of 32,400,000 sheep in 1880, besides 2,580,000 cattle and nearly 400,000 horses. Before the close of the next decade it is expected that the sheep stock of New South Wales will run to between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 head. —*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Canada and the Queen.

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I described the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spellbound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd arose, and pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word "Stop!" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! This loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I, meanwhile, patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and as a contrast to the sorrow of Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving-day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat the portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.—*Archibald Forbes, in the May Century.*

DISINFECTING FOUL PLACES.—The *Scientific News* calls attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all vile smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion: "The article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chloride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may and generally does remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The much advertised disinfectants are usually catch-penny nostrums, and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old fashioned 'copperas,' or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of copperas would probably weigh 300 pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price for a cent and a half per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of copperas thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and then it can be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water and suspend within it a moderate sized basket full of copperas. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of a wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.

JOY OR SORROW.—There is as much comfort in the World of God, and as much beauty in his works, and as much kindness in his dispensations, as admitted into the soul, would inundate it with ecstasy. But many hearts are perverse; they let gloomy thoughts and bitter fancies flow freely in, and are almost jealous lest a drop of strong consolation should trickle through on this deluge of Marab. Brethren, it depends on which flood-gate you open, whether you are drowned in a tide of joy or of sorrow. It depends on whether your well-springs are above or beneath, whether your consolation or your grief abounds. —*James Hamilton, D. D.*

The most successful bank in the country is the Chemical Bank, of New York city. The capital is only \$300,000, but its deposits aggregate \$14,000,000 on which a discount business of \$13,500,000 is transacted. Its shareholders are paid a dividend of 25 per cent. quarterly. The stock is held at \$2,000, probably the highest quotation of bank shares in the world.

A young lady in Penn Yan, N. Y., wears twelve diamond rings on one finger. She should also wear a gold band around her head to prevent the cack in her skull from becoming wider.

Household Recipes and Items.

BRAN AS A MEDICAL AGENT.—A German scientific paper of recognized authority, *Die Fundgrube*, recommends tea of bran as a specific against coughs, colds, fever and restlessness. To a handful of bran of either wheat or rye should be added about a quart of water; this should boil a good half hour, then be strained, and a little lemon juice or sugar may be added to suit the taste. It is said to make a pleasant and nutritious beverage, always having a quieting effect on the system.

POTATOES FRIED LIGHT.—Prof. Blot says: "When you desire your potatoes fried of a light color, and to look plump after frying them, turn them into the colander, and set the fat over a brisk fire; leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in the very hot fat, stir for about one minute, and put them again in the colander; salt them and serve hot; when dropped into it for the second time they will certainly swell; there is no other way known to do it. It is as easily done, as it is simple.

MRS. HEDGES' VALUABLE RECIPE.—Mrs. H. C. Hedges' recipe for making a most excellent salve for healing chapped flesh, sore nostrils, sore lips, etc.: Half ounce, each, of white wax, camphor gum, spermaceti, and best olive oil. Add, also, a small quantity of glycerine. Put all in a vessel and stand on a stove and melt together. A few drops of carbolic acid will improve it. Preserve it in an airtight glass jar. This recipe should be carefully kept, that the salve may come into general public use.

The Chicago Tribune says groceries as a general thing are maintained by the wages class. The bars of three-quarters of the dram-shops would be closed were it not for the wages of workmen paid over the counter for the vile poisons which afford the vendors a profit of three dollars out of every four received. To understand how extravagantly these dens absorb the wages of workmen it is only necessary to point out the profits. A gallon of whisky, for which the saloon-keeper pays \$2, he retails for \$6. That is, the workmen pay \$6 of their wages over the counter of a saloon for a quantity of liquor for which the saloon-keeper pays the distiller only \$2. The profits on beer are equally great. Is it any wonder that in a city where there are 50,000 wage-workers there are 3,700 saloons, giving whisky for wages at a profit of 200 per cent.? No other trade or profession practiced in this city offers such speedy and enormous returns for so easy and worthless a life as that of keeping grogshops for the receipt of workmen's wages. In return for the earnings of his labor the workman's body is poisoned, his brain weakened, and his capacity for labor reduced and destroyed; there, under the pretense of receiving a stimulant that will renew his vigor, he is given the vile adulterations and decoctions of whisky, which, repeated, destroy the nerves and reduce the continued drinker to imbecility and paralysis.

Early in the sixteenth century a German count coined silver pieces of uniform weight and fineness—a wonder in those days—and which thereby became very popular. As the mint was in a valley, or "thal," as the Germans say, these pieces were called "thalers." And so the German "thaler," Danish "daler," Italian "tollers," and American "dollar" obtained their name.



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[Oct19-4]

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, May 10, 1882.

After an unbroken absence of 22 years, (and an entire absence of 33 years, broken only once in 1860), the senior editor of THE PACIFIC is about to visit the East for three months. He goes mainly for some needed rest and recreation, after the incessant toils of so many weeks and months and years. As he goes for such a purpose, he cannot charge himself with any grave responsibilities. He hopes to visit some scenes that were dear to his childhood; to see some faces that were pleasant to him in his youth; and to look into some eyes where the love-light of kindred yet lingers; and that is about all. Any correspondence intended for, or having regard to, this paper can, of course, be sent to the care of this office. Any letters in regard to the Theological Seminary, can be directed to the care of Prof. Moor. Strictly private letters can be sent, as heretofore, to Oakland, and will there be cared for by some representative of the family.

The Anniversary exercises of the Pacific Theological Seminary were held at the Plymouth Avenue Church, Oakland, last Friday evening. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers by the ladies of the congregation. The audience was fair in number and excellent in quality. Mr. Richardson, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Mr. McLean of Boston, Prof. Kellogg, Rev. M. Post, Edward Kimball of Chicago, and others prominent in our churches, were present. Rev. Dr. Benton presided. Dr. Moor also sat upon the platform and offered prayer. The graduating class was five in number, two more than on any previous year. Each of the five gentlemen delivered an address in the following order: J. P. Rich, subject, "Truth;" D. F. Taylor, "Some aspects of Temperance;" F. H. Burdick, "Moral Certainty;" C. R. Hager, "The Outlook;" J. M. Marty, "Nature as a Revelation." The addresses were forcibly delivered, without notes. They were generally well worded and well studied, and altogether they reflected much credit upon their authors and upon the Seminary. Dr. Benton conferred the degree of Bachelor of Divinity upon the graduates. These graduates have all preached more or less during their course of study. Some have regularly, and very acceptably, supplied churches during the past year. It is hoped and expected that all of them will find hopeful fields of labor in this State. The following is a brief summary of Dr. Benton's address to the graduates:

Professor Benton said in substance to the five graduates: You are leaving us now, for good and all. You turn your backs on us, but in no bad sense. You are going into scenes, few of which can be so beautiful as this over which you have looked out these months and years. You will go into communities, few of which will compare in excellence with this in which you have been sojourning. But wherever you go, carry the spirit of beauty, and the ennobling excellence of your stay among us. Stand firmly on your own feet. Confide in yourselves. Be economical of your time, means and strength. Honor your vocation. Let avocations take care of themselves. Keep out of the realm of "ifs and buts." Do not fall in any circumstances to hemming and hawing, whining and groaning, croaking and scolding; since these will soon set you down in the world's dismal swamp, which needs no enlarging. Do you say you have finished your studies? Never imagine it! Never act under such an impression. You have only begun them. These documents are simply testimonials of the fact that you have begun them well. You will be students always. You will never have done with your studies till you have ended your lives. Some of your studies will continue to be the same you have been pursuing the last three years. Some of them will of course be new; and all will be farther on. The chief one will be to find the secrets of power with men and God.

We have always been hearing of the three "R's" of a common school education. I commend you to the three "M's" of a higher education—Metaphysics, 'Magination, 'Motion. Or, if you prefer, we will say the three "P's"—Philosophy, Poetry and Passion. Some people fancy that metaphysics is something in the clouds and fogs; but metaphysics is the soul, is ourselves. The study of your own essential nature, its ways, operations, laws, is the study of yourselves, as in the arena of strife, or on broadest fields of action. The moment you suspend this study, you are undone. There shall be no more growth in you. There shall be little left of you.

Find herein one of the secrets of power, then, as those who know, in some proper sense, "what is in man."

Cultivate the imagination. Do it by the reading of poetry, as one of the ways always in your power. Do it as necessary to your work of interpretation. How can you understand the march of God's revelation of himself to the world, without the historic imagination, the power to revive and live over again the life of all the generations of time? How can you tell fitly the story of the Cross until you can live over again the years of the first Christian century? Half the blunders of carping criticism and inapt infidelity have their origin right here, in sheer anachronism, an utter inability in men to put themselves back 18 centuries, without dragging the 19th after them. Till you can put yourselves in the place of every man, woman and child you meet, you can do little for any one of them. Just in proportion as you can put yourselves in men's places, particularly in their trials, weaknesses and misfortunes, you will gain power over them. Men need to be stood-under, rather than stood-over. Get another secret of power, then, by such a use of the imagination as puts you in men's places, so that they shall forget you as in any way aloof from themselves, and shall think of you as in the profoundest sympathy with them; feeling just as they feel.

Cultivate emotion, the capacity of being moved, that you may see how to move others. This is another secret of power, the power of passion, of passion in its loftier range. The man who does not at times get into a "towering passion," is just no man at all. If your soul can fill with indignation at wrong, and grow, and swell, and stretch, and wing itself till it tops the world or bursts, you will make the world's masses surge. In this sad and sorrowing world your work is mainly one of joy. You go with comforts and good cheer. But you may yourselves become actual personal sufferers. Do not shrink. Your suffering may do more than all your preaching; your dying, than your living.

In fine, let the divine grace stir in you, and stir yourselves up to an intense earnestness, and a great moral enthusiasm. Walk bare-headed under the open heavens and let a divine affluence come on you, and gather thence the assurances of your success. For out of inspired labor, a perfected patience, and a perduring will, grow all grandeur of man, all glories of God. Without these God's kingdom, as committed to you, will fail; with these, its victories shall come, as the tides come (pulled by sun, moon and stars), with force, and sweep, and swell, and billowy roar, and waves clapping hands and tossing their spray into the shining air.

You have improved—intellectually, morally, spiritually—during these years. We have seen this, and it has cheered us when carrying burdens too heavy for men to bear. It is fitting that we give you at least this tribute of our praise. And now, if you will go from us with the fire and heat of this intensity of earnestness, with the flame and flash of this enthusiasm, your liberty you shall have, with pleasure; because fears, and foes, and faces, shall fall down before you; and you shall go the way of those who have shaped their times, and conquered the ages. With some hope of all this, we permit you to leave, and bid you God-speed. While we regret that we must part, we are glad that you are to go. Good-bye. God bless you!

Life, but what Life?

When we are told that it is life that is wanted, not dogma, we are often tempted to ask, what life do you mean? for there seems to be as much diversity as to life as there is as to dogma. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one flesh of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes." All life is not the same life; there is the moral, and the legal, and the evangelical variety; not to mention the Mormon, or the Ingersoll, or the monkish type. If my preacher tells me we must live, not believe, he touches something in me which responds. But then I fall to thinking afterwards, believe what? One is similarly puzzled even when he is told to believe. So the woman came to Mr. Moody and told him she could not believe. "Believe what?" "Why, I cannot believe." "But believe whom? Do you mean to say you cannot believe Jesus Christ?" The woman was trying to believe in general. No wonder she was puzzled. We are not asked to have faith irrespective of the trustworthy person who is commended to our confidence. Believing may be good or bad. Sometimes it is one of the worst things a man can do. Is not the same remark true of this vague word, life? Life has many varieties. Some are vile. Some are very superior to others. If we recommend life to our fellow-men, we must

recommend the highest type. But the highest type we know is that of which Paul spoke when he said, "I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the son of God, who loved me and gave himself up for me." The Christian life, that is to say, is interwoven with faith in the son of God. The two cannot be disjoined without confusion of ideas. Creed and life are both of them indefinite words, like coin and currency. Is coin better than currency? Some coins are worth more than some currency. Some currency is worth more than some coins. Show us the image and superscription.

Out of a common despair among all classes of a better state of things in Ireland, without some change, a change has come. Perchance the new policy will prove to be the right one. The former chief government officers of Ireland have resigned. The coercion system has been mitigated. The "Suspects" have been set at liberty. The landlords have tacitly agreed to submit to the new land act. The tenants have virtually agreed to pay up from this time forth. The government will probably pay up past mortgages, and so in some sort compensate the land laws. The agitators and land-leaguers are virtually pledged to inaction. There seems to be some such "understanding" as this all around, without any definite bargain and pledge. It is the plan of Mr. Gladstone to have all the chief offices of Ireland as soon as practicable in the hands of Irishmen, and "home-rule" the law in form and in fact, without giving the "home-rulers," as a faction, a too large preponderance in the management of affairs. We hope Ireland's "good time" is now coming.

[Since the foregoing paragraph was written, the news of the terrible tragedy in Dublin (the assassination of the new Secretary for Ireland, Lord Cavendish, and the Under Secretary, T. R. Burke, Esq., towards evening, May 6th, while crossing Phoenix Park, on their way to dine, by four masked men, who drove off quickly) has put a new and serious face on affairs, social and political. The event may force a return with fresh energy to the "coercion" policy. This will certainly be the case unless all the agitators of every sort, put, as they now are, most painfully on the defensive, shall make haste to disavow all connection and all sympathy with a deed so foul. A dreadful cloud of suspicion is now thrown over them all.]

From the Rev. R. Walsh, formerly, for a time, connected with the Pacific Theological Seminary, now preaching in El Paso, Texas, we have received a copy of the *El Paso Times*, of April 1, 1882, which is almost entirely filled with accounts of the city of "Ysleta," said to be the oldest city in Texas. Ysleta is on the Southern Pacific Railway, twelve miles east of El Paso, and contains about 2,500 people. Comarado's Spanish Expedition visited the place in 1540. The old Roman Catholic church of the town was built in 1630. By the following paragraph it will be seen that Christian people are doing something in that comparatively new, and yet ancient part of our country: "Sunday, the 2d of April, was an eventful day in Ysleta. The new Baptist church, erected by Rev. Richard Walsh, was dedicated with appropriate services. Bishop H. W. Read preached both morning and evening. Generous contributions were made by the friends present, and the church was formally given to the great head of the church free from debt. The congregation was delighted. The Sunday-school made a contribution of \$5 to the A. B. P. Society, for which the school will receive \$10 worth of first-class books, papers, cards, etc. This is the first erected Baptist church in this part of the country; nor is there at present another within some hundreds of miles. But this cannot be said much longer, for El Paso will soon have one which will be both ornamental and useful."

The library of the Pacific Theological Seminary has been kindly remembered by the sons of the late Dr. E. Pond, of Bangor, who have jointly donated to it the library of their father. The catalogue shows 944 volumes, and the gift is exceedingly welcome, not only on its own account, but on account of the memory of the venerated teacher, who for so many years made these books so serviceable to Christian thought and pastoral training. We acknowledge also the receipt from Mr. J. P. Moore of a large part of the volumes of the *New Englander*; and from Rev. M. Eells, of Skokholm, W. T., four volumes. Every year Mr. Eells seems ready to add something substantial to this department of our work. Are there not other friends who have some treasures of a literary sort which they would like to confide to us? We have a goodly number of duplicates, too, which we should be glad to sell at very low rates, or to exchange for other works. G. M.

It is difficult for some of us to account for the indignant and denunciatory opposition which the English people, perhaps a majority of them, are showing to the project of a tunnel under the channel, from France to England, from Calais to Dover. Why it should be more dangerous to England than to France in case of war, no one can tell, since it could be filled with water in an hour, with a load of dynamite, and from either end. It might be well to discourage the undertaking, as it might not pay—tunnels of the sort having been poor speculations—but to oppose it as a nuisance, a menace, a peril, or as some horrid monster, seems almost ludicrous. One wishes that somehow it could be suddenly opened in a night, to show the British how utterly unfounded are all their hesitations and their fears.

Dr. Bushnell, referring to the talk of those who disparage doctrinal statements, and profess that life is everything, once said: "I think of an egg trying to get on without a shell, and it seems to be rather an awkward predicament." The illustration from the egg is good both ways. The shell is essential to a live egg. But it is of small account when the egg is dead. The live church will have a definite creed. But a definite creed with no life within the membership is a vain thing.

Chinese Jews.

The *Hebrew Observer* of April 21st has the following: "That there are Jews living in China, not merely as strangers, but as real Chinamen to all intents and purposes, is now acknowledged on all hands. A Chinese student, who returned to his celestial home from Germany, promised one of the German scholars that he would investigate the 'Jewish question in China,' which he did, and in a very interesting letter he described the Jews of Calfunfoo as the only Chinese Jews who have formed a sort of colony in said place, where, nearly two thousand years back, the Jews immigrated, and remained till now, true to their traditional and ancestral faith and customs. The most remarkable features in their character is their loyalty to the Chinese Government, and social manners. Their garments, language and manners of life, are thoroughly Chinese. Thus, even the Chinese Jew proves the oft-repeated truth that the Jew can adapt himself to all requirements of diverse countries and civilizations, and yet be faithful to his sacred belief in the Unity of God."

It appears that anti-Semitism has not yet crept into Chinese politics and religious views. The Jew enjoys, in China, liberty of conscience to the full extent. No prejudice against the Jews, as such, is as yet known in China. And, indeed, it cannot become naturalized there. Paganism suffered at its side the rise of Monotheism without any malice or ill-will. Religious intolerance is the legitimate offspring of the "only saving church." The moment the Christian Church proclaimed "extra ecclesiam nulla salus," the monster—"religious intolerance"—was ushered into the sanctuary of humanity, and commenced its infernal work of desecrating that sacred edifice and dealing damnation among the children of one and the same Heavenly Father. In China, no such monopoly of salvation by one mode of creed is yet known, and consequently all the diverse religious communities can live and cling to their inherited religious views and traditions unharmed. There, the Chinese Jew may exclaim with the prophet, "Let them all walk in the name of their different gods. I shall walk in the name of Adonai, my God, forever!"

But the *Observer*, in its issue of April 29th, says: The editor of the *Jewish Tribune*, of St. Louis, feels happy because, as he says, all the Jewish journals in the country, with one insignificant exception, are opposed to the Chinese bill. If the astute editor would look more closely into the files of his contemporaries, he would find that there are at least four "insignificant" exceptions. The *Jewish South American Hebrew*, *Zeitgeist*, and the *Hebrew Observer* have all approved the restriction of Chinese immigration.

"Anti-Semitism has not crept into Chinese politics." "No prejudice against the Jew as such is yet known in China, and indeed it cannot be naturalized there." But while thus boasting of Chinese liberality and tolerance, the *Observer* proceeds to declare its own approval of the restriction of Chinese immigration. If it is true that China is so tolerant of the Jew, and notwithstanding the vast numbers of her own people filling every corner of her domain, has admitted them for two thousand years, is it any wonder that the Jews in this country as a body are opposed to Chinese exclusion. And how can the *Observer* tell the story of Chinese liberality and its own illiberality in almost the same breath. Is it the fair thing to treat those of whose kindness we boast with such marked unkindness? K.

Father Curci, the Italian Catholic priest who has been censured by the Pope for his liberal views, is translating the Bible from the Hebrew into the Italian, for the benefit of the priests. He is sanguine in the expectation, which all Protestants will rejoice to see fulfilled, that "the day is not far distant when the Catholic clergy will turn with ardor to the Holy Scriptures."

Report of the Seminary Faculty.

The following report is published by the request of the Trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary:

To the President and Board of Trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary—DEAR BRETHREN: At the close of the twelfth year of the life of our Seminary, the Faculty of Instruction desire to present you with another report, as by rule required.

During the study-year, now closing, there have been in the institution, nine students—three in the senior class, two in the middle class, three in the junior class, and one in special senior studies. The Faculty recommend that the degree of Bachelor of Divinity be conferred on F. H. Burdick, J. P. Rich, Ivan M. Marty, regular members of the senior class, and C. R. Hager, who has also completed the studies of the senior year; and that a testimonial be given to D. F. Taylor, who has completed the special course. The Faculty recommend a vote of thanks to the Rev. E. Jones, for his services during the illness of one of the professors and the absence of the other; and to the Rev. Messrs. Beckwith, Noble, Pond and Frear, for their lectures to the young men. The Faculty desire to join the Trustees in profound gratitude to God for the financial relief of the year in particular, and for all other and more common blessings.

The outlook is indeed more assuring than ever before; but how much the Seminary needs another \$100,000, to increase its endowments, furnish another professor or two, increase its library, and put up and furnish all its departments in an attractive way!

All of which is respectfully submitted. J. A. BENTON, GEORGE MOOR, Faculty of Instruction.

A Golden Wedding.

"For better, for worse!" How we try to pierce the future when the priest pronounces these ominous words over the young bride and groom, as he launches them out upon the matrimonial sea! How we wonder which it will be, as the years roll on! Yet, wonder as we may, we must leave the question all unanswered, wrapped in the mystery which veils the future! But when the years have come and gone, until a half-century has passed away, silencing with snow the dark hair of the bride, and giving the groom "the good gray head that all men love," and they stand again before their minister, hand in hand, and say it has all been "for better," the serene satisfaction and peace which shines out from their faces is reflected in every heart, and a prayer of thankfulness goes up to the giver of all good, that there is on our earth such a thing as love that endures and confidence that cannot be shaken, even by the weight of years.

Such thoughts as these ran through our minds, as on our last beautiful May-day evening we found ourselves among a throng of friends, in the fragrance of May roses, and looked upon the benign faces of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hardy, standing before their pastor, on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day. This golden wedding was celebrated at the house of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, at 321 Eddy St. The decorations were rare and elaborate in design, converting the house into a floral bower; doorways draped with the delicate smilax, walls beautified with cornucopias and fans of choice blossoms, candeliers festooned with bunches of foamy snowballs, and roses everywhere, roses of that endless variety of form and color which is found only in our California gardens, and here and there, on piano, mantels and stands, were baskets, horseshoes and pyramids of rare buds, fine flowers and maiden-hair.

About 10 o'clock, after all the friends had offered their felicitations to the bridal pair, their pastor, Rev. T. K. Noble, claiming the attention of the guests, made a brief address, in which, after reviewing the marvelous changes which had been wrought during their married life, and the wonderful inventions and discoveries made during that period, voicing the sentiment of all present, he congratulated the happy couple, not only upon growing old so comfortably, gracefully and happily, but also upon the fact that they had grown old together—their life of love, which began fifty years ago, having rounded out a full half century, bringing them in the presence of their children, their children's children, and surrounded by hosts of friends, to the golden portal of their jubilee year. Referring to the Country Parson's delightful essay, "Concerning Growing Old," he closed by repeating the following lines from Campbell:

"Hail, welcome tide of life, where no tumultuous billows roll!
How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm of soul!
The weary bird, blown o'er the sea, would sooner quit the shore,
Than I would cross again the gulf which time has brought me o'er!"

He then introduced Rev. W. L. Githens, who read a poem written for the occasion by Mr. Allen, the son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, after which Rev. Mr. Pond offered prayer, thanking God for his great goodness to these dear friends and commending them to his loving care for all the years to come, when the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Noble. The guests were then conducted to the dining-room, where they enjoyed a bountiful wedding supper, and afterward were entertained by pleasant songs, closing with "Auld Lang Syne," in which all heartily joined; and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Hardy health, joy and happiness through all the coming days, they bade them "Good-night." C. E. N.

The Board of Visitors have vetoed the appointment of Rev. Newman Smythe as Professor in Andover Theological Seminary.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

Sunlight in a Missionary's Home.

Little or no mention has been made in our Column about boxes that some of our churches in San Francisco, Sacramento and Oakland have sent to many a missionary home, and gently let in the purest sunshine into hearts and homes at the front.

It is our custom to read in every number of the *Home Missionary* the "donations of clothing," etc. Some of the boxes have an estimated value of \$30 to \$200.

Now and then there is a letter published in acknowledgment of the receipt of the "box" or the "barrel" which makes very good reading.

A letter has been put into our hands by one of our own missionaries, which we have read with the deepest interest, and we are sure will be by all who take an interest in this Column. It is dated March 29th, and addressed to the President of the Benevolent Sewing Society of the First church of this city.

"DEAR MADAME.—Your letter of the 27th inst. informing me that a box of clothing for my family had just been sent, has just reached me, and it is with great pleasure, as well as deep gratitude, that I acknowledge not only the receipt of your kind and comforting words, but also the large and well-filled box which found its way to our house yesterday, and has gladdened our hearts and brightened the home."

"I cannot as I would like, express to you, and through you to the ladies of the First church, our feeling for this mark of your kindness and good will toward us, but I crave the privilege of assuring you, one and all, that our hearts go out to you in gratitude and love, and beat in thanksgiving to the giver of all good."

"The contents of the box speak in a language peculiarly their own, and tell us of thoughtful interest, tender kindness, generous toil, and much sacrifice upon the part of the givers; while at the same time they are the tokens of a deep interest in the cause of Christ and his kingdom. And while they express so much upon the part of the generous givers, they serve a double purpose to the receivers. It is not simply their intrinsic value, which is by no means a small matter, and fill wants which would otherwise remain unfilled, but they are a great encouragement to the toilers, and a stimulus to more faithful labor. They assure us of the sympathy, the support and the prayers of other members in the great household of faith."

"In response to the hope expressed by you that everything may be found useful, I will say that everything will find a place and come very acceptably. The wife and mother feels that a great burden has been lifted in finding so many dresses, garments, and scores of nameless things for the children, all ready-made and ready for service; for when there are so many little ones to care for, and so many stitches to be taken, there is far too much for one pair of hands to accomplish."

"Dear friends, I cannot tell you how rich she feels to-day, and what a happy look her face wears. This remembrance of the little ones with these ready-made 'gifts, which shows so much thoughtfulness on your part, is a God-send to her, and lifts a heavy load from a careworn heart. But not only for the 'little ones' is our gratitude so heavily taxed, but also for the valuable and serviceable articles for the parents. Our most hearty thanks for your very kind remembrances of us."

"And the 'Home Missionary' would give special thanks to the 'Delta Sigma' Society for the gold eagle, and also to the lady who slipped in the other gold piece. I need not tell you that the unpacking of the box was an occasion of especial interest and delight to the children of the household, and perhaps it would not shock or surprise you if I said there was some dancing engaged in by them."

"But I must not weary you with many more words. May the giver of all good abundantly bless the givers of these gifts with good measure pressed down, shaken together and running over. And as you have remembered us thus with your temporal gifts, may we not ask also a remembrance in your prayers that we may be more devoted and faithful."

"The Lord bless you out of Zion and give unto you all the blessings that maketh rich, and lift the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace," is the prayer of the grateful recipients."

President Arthur has signed the Chinese Bill. Now we shall try restriction and see what comes of it. Time will tell.

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Religious Intelligence

California. The discussion at the Club last Monday was upon "The Holy Spirit." The subject was ably opened by Dr. Beckwith.

Next Monday at the usual hour, 1:30 o'clock p. m., the Club will talk about Japan. Rev. Mr. De Forest, a returned missionary, on his way east for a year's vacation, will open the subject.

Rev. C. D. Barrows delivered as his concluding sermon on "The Doctrine of the Trinity," an exposition of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. Assuming that the humanity and divinity of Christ had been established in former discourses, the relations of the Spirit were carefully considered, and his personality logically proved by the revelations of divine writ.

The discourse revealed to the audience the meaning of the statement relating to the Trinity in the revised creed of the First church, and must set at rest all doubts as to his position on this point. "The Doctrine of the Trinity is not obsolete, and is indissolubly connected with the salvation of the race," is as positive a statement as can well be made. "Total Depravity" will be the subject of next Sabbath evening's discourse.

Ten persons were received into Green St. church at communion last Sabbath; three by letter, and seven upon profession of their faith.

Messrs. Whittle and McGranahan, with unabated zeal and love for souls, but, we are sure, with weary bodies and minds, are still at work in Oakland. This week they held three meetings daily, except Saturday. From 8:15 to 9 a. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Hall; from 3:30 to 4:30 p. m., Bible readings in the First Presbyterian Church; and preaching and inquiry meetings in the evening in the First Cong. Church, until 10 o'clock, and often later. They are in earnest in this labor, together with God, as every Christian should be and will be, if a sincere, happy and true Christian. O what need, that soul-saving work go on continually and mightily here in California where iniquity so terribly abounds. It is expected that these evangelists will close their labors in Oakland next week.

The Ladies' Dime Society connected with the Second Congregational church, Oakland, have cleared over \$250 by a bazaar and entertainment. Well done, and that society always does well.

Mr. True, of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco, preached in West Oakland on Sunday evening.

There were Missionary Concerts in Berkeley and at the Plymouth Ave. Church, Oakland, on Sunday evening. Subjects, "India" and "Micronesia."

The following additions to our churches last Sunday are reported: Berkeley, nine, three by letter and six on profession; Oakland, Plymouth Ave., one by letter; West Oakland, one by letter; San Francisco, Plymouth Church, two by letter and three on profession; First Church, twenty-five, of whom fifteen were on profession.

The twenty-first anniversary exercises of the Sabbath-school of the First Congregational church, Oakland, were held last Sabbath morning. The decorations were elaborate and beautiful. There was a large attendance. Major Whittle delivered the address. Following is an abstract from the Superintendent's report for the year ending May 7th, 1882: No. of officers, 12; No. of teachers, 61; No. of scholars, 667; total members of school, 740. Number of members who have united with the Church during the year, 12; average attendance for year, 500. Total school collections for the year, \$721.02. Average school collections per Sunday, \$13.60. Total contributions from other sources, \$487.50; total cash expended, \$1,263.13. As compared with last year's statistics, the above report shows a gain of 41 in the average attendance. After the exercises an inquiry meeting, conducted by Major Whittle, was held in the chapel.

The pastors of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist and South Methodist churches of San Bernardino have arranged for a union protracted meeting. Services are being held this week in the Baptist church. Preaching services every evening.

Mr. C. A. Richardson, managing editor of the *Congregationalist*, is spending a few weeks on this coast. We are glad to welcome him to our office, our churches, our Y. M. C. A., our Theological Seminary, as well as to our mines and mountains and wheat-covered valleys. He is now making a short trip to Oregon and Washington.

Petaluma.—The ladies of the Congregational church gave a literary entertainment on Friday evening, May 5th. It was very interesting and well attended. Finished out with ice-cream and cake. They cleared about \$100 for the funds of the church. Sunday, 7th inst., three were added to the church; one by profession, and two by letter. The pastor preached on "The Sayings of Christ on the Cross," being the fifth of a series on "The Sufferings of the Saviour."

Mr. Hallenbeck sailed last Monday by the Australian Steamer to Honolulu. The prayers and good wishes of many friends on this coast go with him. We shall be glad to report the good work in which we trust, he will have the privilege to engage.

Washington Territory. A Congregational church of eleven members was organized at Jamestown Dungeness, in Washington Territory, April 30th, by Rev. M. Wells. Most of these were Indians. Seven joined by letter from the church at Skokomish, and four on profession of faith. A number of

the white neighbors gathered in, to the encouragement of the Indians. One infant baptism took place at the same time. Services were held in Chinook, Clallam, English, Clallam translated into Clallam, and English translated into Clallam.

Temperance. Rev. C. A. Bateman is lecturing in the interest of the Good Templars. Prof. Crowhurst and Mrs. M. E. Richardson were at special temperance meetings in Alameda last week. Mrs. Richardson is a successful singer of temperance songs, and is doing much good in this way, as well as in organizing Bands of Hope.

Y. M. C. A. Statement of the work done by the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association in all its departments for the month of April, 1882:

25 Noonday Meetings	4,865
5 Evening Meetings	890
4 Sabbath Afternoon Meetings	2,375
4 Open Air Meetings	350
25 Days Gymnasium	2,600
30 Days Reading Room	4,700
1 Reception	900
2 Concerts	950
5 Bible and Training Classes	90
4 Young Men's Prayer Meetings	100
3 Sacramento Street Meetings	120
3 Boys' Improvement Society	175
24 Educational Classes	720
5 Mission Sunday School	275
5 Old Folks' Home	250
City and County Hospital	200
Total	20,065

Sixteen new members joined during the month.

The City and County Hospital has been visited twice a week and religious services held every Sunday afternoon.

Services have been held at Old Folks' Home every Sunday afternoon.

EDUCATIONAL. The Educational Classes closed for the season the last week in April, and will be resumed the first of November.

BOYS' BRANCH. A Boys' Mutual Improvement Society has been organized during the month which meets every Saturday at 2 1/2 o'clock.

GYMNASIUM. In furnishing a place where Christian young men and women, and children of Christian parents, can obtain that systematic physical training which is essential to the enjoyment of good health, without being exposed to the pernicious influences which exist in most public gymnasiums, the Young Men's Christian Association are supplying a long-felt want among Christian people. The gymnasium room is commodious, containing excellent hygienic baths, and all the apparatus necessary to the carrying out of the purpose in view. The object is not to turn out accomplished athletes, but to build up a vigorous and healthy physical system. To accomplish this result, the working system has been completely reorganized, and placed under the direction of Mr. A. G. Sheahan, of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., a competent instructor, who will decide upon a course of systematic exercise for each person, based upon actual need and calculated to remedy existing physical defects. Classes will be immediately organized, meeting at stated hours during the day and evening.

A certain portion of each day will also be set apart for the exclusive instruction of ladies. Any person of good moral character may become a member by applying at the building, 232 Sutter street, any time during the day or evening. Annual tickets \$5.00, which includes all the privileges of the Association. For further information apply to A. B. FORBES, President. H. J. McCoy, General Secretary.

EDITORS PACIFIC: In THE PACIFIC of Wednesday, April 26, last number, is an article commended by your paper entitled "Christ's Testimony to the Scriptures," by Rev. Robert Patterson, D.D. Near the foot of the second column I read, "Christ's use of the Bible for the salvation of his own soul when assailed by the devil." In some four or five other places following there are repetitions of the same, "his own soul's salvation." A little below the middle of the third column, "As our Lord trusted his own soul's salvation upon the Scriptures, so he commended them." It reads that Christ was human. How could a Divine Being need salvation? READER.

May 3rd, 1882.

Married. BUNKER—FRASER.—In Oakland, May 6, 1882, by Rev. John Kimball, Rowland B. Bunker and Emily Fraser, both of Martinez. Mr. Bunker is and has been for many years a publisher and editor of the Contra Costa Gazette.

The New Gospel Hymn Book.

COSPEL HYMNS No. 4.

By IRA D. SANKEY, JAS. McGRANAHAN, and GEO. C. STUBBS. This issue is full of New Gospel Songs by the Authors and others. It contains all the Songs sung by Mr. McGRANAHAN in the meetings held by Messrs. WHITTLE and McGRANAHAN, and the New Songs used by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in their Meetings. Price, Music Ed'n, \$30 per 100; 35cts. by mail. Words Only, 5 " 6 " 6 "

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Sunday School Music.

Ditson & Co., make a special feature of Sunday School Song Books, and can safely commend the three new ones which they publish this season. Their compilers are practical workers in the Sunday School, and with previous publications have been extremely successful. The new books are:

THE BEACON LIGHT.

By J. H. TENNEY and E. A. HOFFMAN. A collection of new hymns and tunes, carefully selected from a large quantity of manuscripts, of which four out of every five were rejected, only the very best being retained. Price, 30 cents.

LIGHT AND LIFE.

By R. M. MCINTOSH. This new book is quite comprehensive, providing in a small space ample material for two years, including a great variety of new hymns, as well as some older ones which are always in request. Price, 35 cents.

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By A. J. ARNEY and M. J. MURPHY. This is the latest of the three new books, and is sure to meet with good success. It contains all the variety and freshness which could well be desired, including many beautiful pieces especially adapted for prayer and praise meetings. Price, 35 cents.

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General Agent Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC BANK

Established 1863. CAPITAL STOCK \$1,000,000.00 Surplus 420,447.74

San Francisco, Feb. 9, 1882. Report of the Bank Commissioners to the State of California to the Hon. A. L. Hart, Attorney General—Dear Sir: In compliance with law, we beg to report that we have examined the affairs of the Pacific Bank, and to submit the following statement of its condition:

Very respectfully, your obedient servants, EVAN J. COLEMAN, Bank Commissioners for State of California. WM. F. WHITE.

Bank Premises	\$150,000 00
Other Real Estate	5,235 35
U.S. Bonds \$600,000 (200)	624,977 35
Land Ass'n and dock st'k	15,121 55
Loans on Real Estate	107,562 61
Loans on Stock, B.O.B., water and bank stock	156,956 00
Loans on other securities (Grain, Wheat, Barley, etc.)	466,414 09
Loans on Personal Security	1,039,647 10
Money on hand	698,310 48
Due from Banks and Bankers	349,058 35
Expenses, Taxes, etc.	10,270 14
Collection Account	2,305 24
Total Assets	\$3,687,849 20

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid up	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus Fund	420,447 74
Due Depositors	1,039,647 10
Banks and Bankers	349,058 35
Interest Collected	17,457 32
Due to Banks and Bankers	2,305 24
Dividend Account	2,305 24
Total Liabilities	\$3,687,849 20

R. H. McDonald, Pres't.

The Devotional Books

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Highly recommended by Mrs. Geo. C. SREANES and others.

"Royal Invitation," "Royal Commandments," "Royal Bounty," "Loyal Responses," "Kept for the Master's Use."

"Little Pillows" (for children), "Morning Bells" (for children), "Morning Stars"

Each of the above in illuminated paper covers, 20c each; in fine cloth binding, 25c. "Red Letter Days," 35c; "Echoes from the Word," 40c. Poetry "Under the Surface," 75c; "Ministry of Song," 75c; "Under His Shadow," 75c. "Life of F. R. Havergal," by her Sister, 15c.

THE NEW REVISION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT for sale about May 20th. Prices from 15 cents to \$16.00.

Be sure and ask for the original and only genuine "TEACHERS' BIBLE," published by the American Tract Society, (Pacific Agency) 757 Market Street, San Francisco. Rev. F. E. SHEARER, Dist. Sec'y. N.B. Any of the above books mailed on receipt of price.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

New-York Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE, 346 and 348, BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1st, 1882.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1st, 1881 \$1,344,120.85

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums \$5,638,810.07

Less deferred premium January 1st, 1881 257,972.13 \$5,000,717.94

Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold) 7,799,821.70

Less interest accrued January 1st, 1881 357,167.37 2,432,654.33 \$10,468,386.97

Less interest accrued January 1st, 1881 357,167.37 2,432,654.33 \$10,468,386.97

Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc. 379,890.21 \$8,097,496.96

Assets \$45,130,006.86

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received) \$1,271,588.41

Invested in U. S. New York City and other stocks (market value, \$19,315,306.20) 17,216,531.42

Real estate 4,486,506.63

Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$16,940,000.00, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security) 19,215,000.73

Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, \$2,583,377.20) 2,375,000.00

Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$2,579,000.00) 545,297.34

Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1st, 1882 432,161.00

Premiums on existing policies in course of transaction and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$300,000, included in liabilities) 327,032.97

Agents' balances 48,673.35

Accrued interest on investments January 1st, 1882 391,354.50 \$45,130,006.86

Excess of market value of securities over cost 2,088,774.78

A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

CASH ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1882 \$47,228,781.64

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1st, 1882 361,544.70

Reported losses awaiting proof, etc. 127,450.98

Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented) 50,352.67

Annuities, due and unpaid (unclaimed for) 2,905.35

Reserve for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle net premium 39,716,408.63

Reserve for contingent liabilities to Taxine Dividend Fund, over and above at 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class 2,051,241.01

Reserve for premiums paid in advance 28,889.07

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent. \$42,401,745.03

ESTIMATED SURPLUS BY THE NEW YORK STATE STANDARD, at 4% PER CENT., OVER 10,000,000.00

From the undivided surplus of \$42,401,745.03 the Board of Trustees has declared a Dividend of next annual premium.

DURING THE YEAR 9,941 POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, INSURING \$32,374,281.

Number of Policies in force—

Jan. 1, 1878, 45,005

Jan. 1, 1879, 45,005

Jan. 1, 1880, 45,005

Jan. 1, 1881, 45,005

Jan. 1, 1882, 45,005

Death claims paid—

1877, \$1,667,133

1878, 1,667,133

1879, 1,667,133

1880, 1,667,133

1881, 1,667,133

1882, 1,667,133

Amount at risk—

Jan. 1, 1878, \$1,271,588.41

Jan. 1, 1879, 1,271,588.41

Jan. 1, 1880, 1,271,588.41

Jan. 1, 1881, 1,271,588.41

Jan. 1, 1882, 1,271,588.41

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent—

Jan. 1, 1878, \$2,088,774.78

Jan. 1, 1879, 2,088,774.78

Jan. 1, 1880, 2,088,774.78

Jan. 1, 1881, 2,088,774.78

Jan. 1, 1882, 2,088,774.78

Such good Temperance Books as TEMPERANCE LIGHT (12 cts.), TEMPERANCE JEWELS (35 cts.) and HULL'S TEMPERANCE GLEE BOOK (40 cts.), cannot well be improved upon.

Such capital Sunday School and Praise Meeting Books as MALE VOICE CHOIR (50 cts.), with Gospel Music, LIGHT and LIFE (35 cts.), and BANNER OF VICTORY (35 cts.).

Any book mailed at retail price.

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To be Thought over.

SCHAFER & CO.

Give special attention to

Three Important Points of Business:

First: To the Material;

Home Circle.

Whittier on Longfellow.

With a glory of wintry sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairies' boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eye grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him;

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like the birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness,
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young,
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung;

And, waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel
Who calls his children home.

And to him a hither welcome
Was the mystic meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—J. G. Whittier.

"There'll be Room in Heaven."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her old, sunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit, because I'm used to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, and she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she had left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where in the last pew she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for. She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man. You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntarily stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading-desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him retrace his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary in an injured tone.

"Why didn't she look like a Christian, if she expects to sit in the front pews? I hate to be imposed on."—Selected.

Electrotypes of wood cuts are now advantageously made of nickel. The advantages over copper are the hardness, toughness, non-liability to oxidation and its proportionately low price. Although at present such nickel types cost twice as much as copper ones, they will stand ten times the number of impressions and allow the use of colors which would attack copper.

Those who are honest are the best policy are half-way to being rogues.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the street at Washington is the well-known attorney-at-law, Mrs. Belva Lockwood. She rides a tricycle from her office to her various places of business, which she finds an expeditious and convenient mode of travel. It is an English-made machine, and Mrs. Lockwood propels it with ease and skill. It requires from her no ungraceful movement or peculiarity of dress, the operation of it being much the same as that of a sewing machine. The fact that she is the first woman to make use of the tricycle publicly naturally attracts attention to her. She is fortunate in living in Washington, which, with its smooth, broad streets, is a paradise for the bicyclists, who are seen at every turn, and tend to make her less conspicuous than she would be elsewhere. Mrs. Lockwood has an uncommonly handsome face, her profile being very fine indeed. She has dark, bright eyes, and an abundance of snow-white hair. She is direct and frank in her manner, thoroughly business-like in her profession, and as a lawyer is universally well-spoken of, and stands well in the courts. She makes government claims a specialty, and has a good business. She studied law in the National Law School here, but it was six months after she graduated before she obtained her diploma, which was withheld on account of her sex. Becoming exasperated with such treatment, she wrote a sharp letter to President Grant, who, by virtue of his office, was President of the University, demanding her diploma. The letter was not answered, but a week later she received the desired document. She was formerly a teacher, but, finding that her voice was wearing out, she cast about for a new vocation, and chose the law, for which she had a special liking. Her husband is dead, and I am told that she has a daughter who is well married. And here is a good and authentic story of her: She had occasion to go to Chester, Pa., to try a case, but upon reaching there was debarred by the court from doing so because she was a woman, and no woman is allowed to practice law in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Some time after her return to Washington she was in court one day, and it chanced that a lawyer from Pennsylvania was there to plead a suit. As is the custom in the District of Columbia, the judge put the question, if any one objected to the said lawyer practicing in that Court, when Mrs. Lockwood said she objected. Upon being asked to state the reason of her objection, she related her experience in Chester. The judge smiled and sustained her objection, and the Pennsylvania lawyer returned to his home a wiser, if not a happier man. Mrs. Lockwood is not a masculine woman, but she is one of those women who are not troubled by public opinion. Sense, and not sentiment, is her guide, and in outward sensibility she may have lost something in the hard battle of existence that she has had to fight. The first time I saw her she was stepping into her tricycle in front of a dwelling where she had been to carry a girl's school-book which she had seen in the street, and had dismounted to pick up—an act of thoughtful kindness not every busy business person would have undertaken.—*Christian Union.*

Why People Are Not Saved.

A brother, in speaking to the people recently, used this illustration: A farm was for sale; a man went to see about it. The same day, another man went and bought it. The two men met afterwards. Said the first, "You bought that farm yesterday. How did you happen to get it?" I went down to see about it, but you went down and bought it. How did it happen?" "Why," said the latter, "I went on purpose to buy it. I wanted it and meant to have it. You went to see about buying it, I went to buy it. Do you see the difference?"

It is just so with reference to getting salvation. A large number go to see about getting it, and they do not obtain it. They do find what they are seeking, but they do not find the thing most needed. Every time, however, one goes to get salvation, he brings it away with him. People go to church to see about getting religion, not to get it. They succeed admirably, but somehow they do not seem satisfied or happy.

In this world men get what they want, if they can pay the price. Salvation is no exception, and the price is within reach of all. How rapidly the earnest seeker learns the mind of the Spirit! Our converts might be sanctified the very day of their conversion, and then go right on in the school of the Spirit from glory to glory.—*Advocate of Bible Holiness.*

Mrs. SWISSELMER'S TILT WITH PRENTICE.—The publication of Mrs. Swissemmer's "Half a Century" brings to the surface her sharp, short and decisive tilt with George D. Prentice, which those who ever knew anything about it have very likely forgotten. She had just established her anti-slavery *Saturday Evening Visitor* in Pittsburg, when Prentice gave her a left-handed editorial welcome in his *Louisville Journal*, wherein, among other remarks not complimentary, he called her "a man all but the pantalons." To this she replied in rhyme:

Perhaps you have been busy
Horsewhipping Sal or Lizzie,
Stealing some poor man's baby,
Selling its mother, maybe.
You say—and you are witty
That I—and 'tis a pity—
Of manhood lack but dress—
But you lack manliness,
A body clean and new,
A soul within it, too.
Nature must change her plan
Ere you can be a man.

This retort raised a general shout of "Brother George, beware of Sister Jane"; and he did.

More oats, wheat and corn have been planted in Georgia this season than in any year since the war.

The Hibernation of Animals.

"Don't black bears sleep through the winter?" questioned the writer of an attendant who was dealing out mid-day rations of bread and milk at the park.

"That's the general impression," was the rejoinder, "but we have never noticed any attempt at hibernation here. Bears are unusually lively during the cold months, and demand their food as regularly as do the lions and other feline animals. I don't know that any observations of value on this question have ever been made on animals in confinement. I have had some experience with outside animals, and a great many go through what is called a winter's sleep; and in warm countries there is what might be called a summer sleep. Bears begin in the fall to look out for a soft nest; and if it's possible for them to eat more at one time than another they do it then, and when the cold weather sets in they are fat and in prime condition. According to some authorities, the fat produces the carbon that in some way tends to induce somnolency. The stomach of the bear at this time becomes empty, and naturally shrivels or draws into a very small space, and is rendered totally useless by a substance called 'tappen' that clogs it and the intestines; this formed of pine leaves and other material that the animal takes from ants' nests and the trunks of trees in its search after honey. They lie asleep in this condition for about six months, generally snowed in; but you can tell the place, as the heat of the bear, what there is left, keeps an air hole up through the snow. The bear seems to live on its fat, the tappen preventing its too rapid consumption; and if you run across them during this time—even along in March just before they wake up—they are about as fat as when they went in. I have taken a slice of fat from a black bear six inches thick—regular blubber. I remember," continued the man, "one winter I was 'log hauling' in the western part of this State. We had our eyes on a big tree, and one morning when it was about ten degrees below zero I tackled it to warm up. I hammered away for about five hours at it and finally started her, and over she came—slowly at first, and then as if she were going right through. The snow was nearly three feet deep, and as the tree struck it flew up for about twenty feet and half blinded me, and when I came to there was the biggest black bear I ever saw standing alongside of me, looking about as mixed as I did. I had lost my axe, and the first move I made she started, and on taking a look I found that she had a nest in the trunk and had probably turned in for the winter. It was about twenty feet from the ground, and was built with moss, leaves, and all kinds of truck, and as warm and as snug as you please—a good place to spend a winter in."

The brown and polar bears have the same habit of lying up for the winter. An Equinean informed Captain Lyon that in the first of the winter the pregnant bears are always fat and solitary. When a heavy fall of snow sets in the animal seeks some hollow place in which she can lie down, and remains quiet while the snow covers her. Sometimes she will wait until a quantity of snow has fallen and then dig herself a cave; at all events it seems necessary that she should be covered up by the snow. She now goes to sleep and does not wake until the spring sun is pretty high, when she brings forth two cubs. The cave by this time has become much larger by the effect of the animal's warmth and breath, so that the cubs have room enough to move, and they acquire considerable strength by continually sucking. The dam at length becomes so thin and weak that it is with great difficulty she extricates herself, which she does when the sun is powerful enough to throw a strong glare through the snow which roofs the den. Then the family comes along, and will take anything that comes along in the way of food. During the long sleep the temperature of the bear's blood is reduced to almost that of the surrounding air. The power of will over the muscles seems to be suspended, respiration is hardly noticeable, and most of the vital functions are at a complete standstill—the entire body sleeping, as it were. The male grizzly never hibernates. The young and females, however, build nests, one of which measured ten feet high, five feet long, and six feet wide.

Bats are great winter sleepers, and in most of the known caves they can be found during the cold months clinging to the walls and to each other. During hibernation their respiration ceases almost entirely, and only the most careful use of a stethoscope can reveal it. The air that has surrounded numbers of them has been carefully examined and not the slightest evidence found of its having been breathed; and, stranger yet, they can exist in this condition in gas that, were they awake, would prove instantly fatal. A machine has been invented to examine these and other animals while in this condition. A delicate index records the slightest pulsation, while a thermometer shows the rise and fall of the temperature at every moment during the period; and by an arrangement of the wing, the circulation of the blood is recorded. A more delicate experiment can hardly be imagined, as a strong breath, a sneeze, or a footfall, will cause the subject of the experiment to recover enough to respire several times; and the effect of this on the machine can be imagined when it is known that though, while in this condition, they produce no effect upon the oxygen of the air about them, they consume when respiring more than four cubic inches of oxygen an hour.

The common marmot is a great underground sleeper. They build large store-houses, sometimes eight feet in diameter, and from the latter part of September to April they lie in them, and like the bears give birth to their young during this period.

The dormouse is a remarkable sleeper. Even in their ordinary sleep they can be

taken from the nest and handled without waking them. Toward winter they acquire a great deal of fat, and stow away a vast amount of provisions around about their nest, and then go to sleep with-in; but they rarely awake to use this food unless a very warm period comes around before the regular breaking up of cold weather.

The hedgehog is a sound winter sleeper, and has been the subject of an infinite number of experiments while in this condition. One experimentalist, believing that cold was the cause of their curious condition, surrounded one with a freezing mixture, and froze it to death. By increasing the cold about another that was already hibernating, it was made to wake up; and walked off.

If an animal is suddenly decapitated while in this hibernating condition, the action of the heart is not affected for sometime, a second life seeming to out-live the one taken. An experiment has been made in which the brain of the sleeper was removed, then the entire spinal cord, but for two hours hardly any change was noticeable upon the action of the heart; and a day after that organ contracted when touched by the operator.

The writer has the winter nest of a family of ants. A piece of fence rail was found beneath an old pile of boards and brought into a warm room for the sake of a rich fungus growing upon it, and several hours after the table and chairs were found to be covered with ants. Where they came from was a mystery until the old rail was accidentally jarred and a number fell from it. A section was cut down through it, and the winter home of the tribe destroyed—probably the work of weeks, perhaps months. The interior of the wood was completely riddled by tunnels and passages, some being large and holding several hundred ants, while others contained only a few. In some of the interior passages the ants had not been affected by the heat, and were packed in great masses and evidently fast asleep; they soon recovered, however, and walked off slowly in different directions, as if wondering if an earthquake or spring had come.

A great number of insects go through a period of hibernation, especially spiders. The young of the latter are often covered by the parent; first, by coarse strings of silk, as if to hold them in place, and then by a white, silvery web worked over them, which forms, probably, a sure protection from wind and weather.

The writer has a cherry-stone in which is coiled up an insect, best known as the sawfly. A squirrel had probably eaten out the meat and opened the way, and in this snug retreat we found the little hibernator snugly rolled up, as is also its habit when alarmed. The mouth of the hole was stopped by black soil, but whether from accident or by the animal itself we could not tell.

Some fishes and reptiles are hibernators. Frogs and toads sleep out the winter at the bottom of ponds or in holes in the ground. Tree-toads, if kept in a cage in the winter and provided with soil, will endeavor to cover themselves with it, showing how strong the instinct or habit is. Some fishes are so insensible to heat or cold, that when in this condition they can be frozen and carried for a number of days and then be brought back to an active condition. The pond snail passes into a winter sleep as soon as the temperature of the water is below 14° Cent.; that is, they will not digest food or grow until the temperature of the water is at least up to 15° Cent. Those who have watched the Harlem river from McComb's Dam Bridge cannot have failed to notice the curious appearance of the muddy shores of the river and creeks at low tide. If the sun shines brightly, the dismal beach seems to quiver and scintillate in a most beautiful manner, reflecting the light like so many diamonds. If we draw nearer, this shore is seen to be entirely covered in places with little snails that, left by the tide, are forging through the mud to regain the water, and the sunlight striking on them is reflected by the glass-like secretion with which they are covered, producing the curious effect noticed. This could be seen in the warm months, but now not a snail of the countless millions can be seen. They have gone down in search of "hard-pan," there to hibernate until next April. The land snail (*Helix pomatia*) sleeps four months during the year, and does not throw off the calcareous lid that protects it during this time until the day temperature has reached 12° Cent. Prairie dogs feel the effect of temperature as low as this.

As it is not the direct result of extremes of heat or cold that produces sleep, neither is the awakening from hibernation directly caused by a rise of temperature. In experiments made upon weasels, which are sometimes caught asleep, one came to life in about three hours, during which the temperature of the room remained the same as it had been during the entire hibernation—viz., 10° Cent. In another weasel, during the awakening, the body temperature rose very rapidly, and more so in the second part of the period than in the first. In the first hour and fifty-five minutes of the awakening the body temperature rose 6.6° Cent., and in the following fifty minutes it rose 17° Cent. This remarkable increase took place without any vigorous movements on the part of the weasel. Even its breathing showed no increase in proportion to the rise. These cases show that though, at certain seasons, animals relax, as it were, and lie dormant, and recover, seemingly at the will of the weather, yet, in point of fact, the rise and fall of temperature has no direct effect upon them. The cause is an internal one, awaiting discovery.—*C. F. Holder, in "Forest and Stream."*

If we could only tax the follies of the world, the payment of the national debt would be a mere bagatelle.

He who pines up for his just debts has horse sense.

The English Language.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field thinks the English language is destined to become the language of the world. He has recently been on a tour round the world, and concerning the spread of the language says:

"The English-speaking people are to rule the world beyond doubt. It is said that English is the mother tongue of at least 100,000,000 people, and it is surely to be the adopted language of millions more. I am more than ever before convinced that the English is the world's language of the future. What I saw in the English and French possessions of China was sufficient to confirm this belief aside from what I afterward saw in India. The introduction of railways, the telegraph and other improvements of modern times is chiefly the work of English-speaking people. Their enterprise develops the industries of the nation in which they are found, and their purposes in life are gradually adopted by the natives among whom they reside. The might of England as a military power, extending around the globe, is wonderful to contemplate, but the influence of England in establishing a new civilization in the vast empires of the East is still more wonderful. The evidence is sufficient to leave no doubt in my mind that the civilization, which is so common to England and America, is to predominate throughout Asia."

An Old Man's Soliloquy.

The time of unsealing is at hand; the evening trumpet begins to sound; the mysteries of the unseen begin to appear; the falling leaf—the harvest—the time of the sickle—is near. That I must suffer the cutting, threshing and winnowing, I know. How otherwise could the grain be gathered to the store-house?

"Life is so short—smiling and weeping; Love is so sweet—sowing and reaping; God is so good—trust in His keeping; Rest in His love, waking or sleeping. Life is all His—love is His giving; Live in His love—loving is living. Him will I love, trusting as others; To learn to love him, loving my brothers. On that my trust, abiding His testing, May, in His love, find endless resting."—*Sierras, April, '82.*

The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means.

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Constantly on hand a large stock of
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Miscellany.

What the Burdock Was Good for.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said. As he made a sweep at the burdock's head; But then, he thought it was best, no doubt, To come some day and root it out. So he lowered his scythe, and went his way, To see his corn, to gather his hay, And the weed grew safe and strong and tall, Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad, As he hopped up out of the dusty road. He had just been having a dreadful fright, The boy who gave it was yet in sight. Here it was cool and dark and green, The safest kind of a leafy screen. The toad was happy; "For," said he, "The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought, And two and two with care he wrought, Till he fastened it well to an evergreen, And spun his web fine between. 'Twas a beautiful bridge—a triumph of skill; The flies came round as idlers will; The spider lurked in his corner dim, The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplexed To know what frolic was coming next. So she gathered the burrs that all despised, And her city playmate was quite surprised To see what a beautiful basket or chair Could be made, with a little time and care. They rang'd their treasures about with pride, And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours; Honey comes from the little flowers; The weed which we pass in utter scorn, May save a life by another morn. Wonders wait us at every turn, We must be silent, and gladly learn. No room for recklessness or abuse, Since even a burdock has its use.

—By A. S. R., in St. Nicholas for May.

Popping the Question.

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity offered, his courage deserted him, and when he resolved to speak, the fair one never could be found alone or disengaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner, at a dinner-party. To most people a dinner-party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the opposite side of the table from her admirer. The latter, however, was equal to the occasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote on it, under cover of the table, "Will you be my wife?" Write "Yes" or "No" at the foot of this."

Calling a servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip, which of course was carefully folded and directed to "the lady in blue opposite." The servant did as requested, and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try and judge by her expression how the quaintly-made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing, namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about at a dinner-party. The beloved one was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. After reading the note calmly, she turned to the servant, and said: "Tell the gentleman, 'Yes.' They were married in due course."

When Professor Atouton was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father's being secured. This Atouton was much too shy to ask, and prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted professor read these words, "With the author's compliments."

In Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, an eccentric old nobleman pops the question in the following matter-of-fact language: "I wonder if anything would ever induce you to marry me?" This was evidently intended as a fresh illustration of Lord Montfort's eccentricity; but it is really much nearer the terms in which the average man proposes, than is the average proposal of the novelist. The Americans, we know, carry everything to extremes; and we are told that the New York young men have reduced the formula of the proposition to a couple of words: "Let's consociate." Nothing, however, could be neater or more ingenious than the proposal of the Irishman, who thus addressed the rustic beauty upon whom he had set his affections: "Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's two many of us in the world. Now, if you an' me get the prate to make us two wan, troth an' wouldn't there be wan the less."

Different customs prevail in different countries in this as in other matters. A curious ceremony, for example, is associated with popping the question among the Samoyedes of Russia. When a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to an understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father, and, with a short stick, taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka which he has brought with him. As a token of his good-will the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. A few days later the young man comes again, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside, while he enters the room and seats himself by the side of his lady-love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks half, and hands the half-full glass, under his left arm, to the

girl, who finishes the draught. The father then gives his daughter a glass of vodka; and she in like manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder, with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the glass. After this the father hands a piece of raw meat to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half, under his left arm, to the girl to finish. She in turn takes a piece of meat from the floor, eats half, and hands the other half, under her right arm, to the young man to finish. This extraordinary ceremonial would appear to complete the transaction, and may be regarded as synonymous with our engagements. The feasting and other ritual necessary to ratify the contract generally take place soon or immediately afterward.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner. "What would you take me for then?" "For better, for worse," replied he, and he was accepted. Here is another case in point. Riding home from the hounds after a certain famous county meet, a lady observed to her companion, "Why should we not marry, Sir John?" "Ah!" said Sir John, "that is what I have often thought myself." And married they were.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Head—Its Protection During the Day.

The hat that is usually worn by men and boys during the day is a sufficient protection against the inclemency of the weather. It is to be regretted that females as a class do not use the same precaution, for with them the covering for the head, even in severe weather, is generally made to conform to fashion, to the exclusion of comfort and the detriment of health.

A twenty-five dollar straw hat, such as is usually worn by ladies, perched on the upper and rear portion of the head of a young female patient, whose ears require to be stuffed with cotton to protect them from the cold winds, whose mouth must be opened to allow respiration, whose nose requires the frequent application of a handkerchief, whose cough is the harbinger of her arrival, and whose hollow cheeks and weak voice indicate that her catarrhal disease is making rapid inroads upon her system, may be fashionable and stylish, but it certainly is not conducive to health. The inappropriateness of such a hat (?) for such a patient, would indicate either a great ignorance of the laws of health, or a very great indifference to the consequences of their violation. In disregard of the teachings of experience, an opportunity for the inception and progress of the disease is constantly being given by this class of patients, in this and in other matters of dress, in the observance of the inexorable demands of fashion.

The proportion of surface of the head of a woman that is covered by an ordinary hat, as compared with the amount of surface covered by the hat in the case of men, is certainly not more than one-half, and with the fashionable hat—which is many times made of straw or other open material—not more than one-third. The fashionable hat, of the present day, is so placed on the head as to touch with two or three points only, so as practically to form no protection to the head, giving the cold winds a fair sweep between the top of the head and the under portion of the hat.

No style of bonnet that I have observed during the last few years, can give the requisite protection, on a winter day, to the ears and neck of a catarrhal patient.

Ten winters ago (1869), I observed a few ladies who had the good sense, as well as the good taste, to cover their heads with a black or brown velvet hood.

This hood was quilted—not heavily—and was so made that it covered the whole of the head, the ears, and the back and sides of the neck. Around the border, that is, on its front, sides and back, it was trimmed with brown fur, which, though it did not make it warmer, added to its beauty. There can be no doubt that this garment will afford ample protection from the cold winds that usually prevail during our fall, winter and spring months.

A nubia can be so wrapped around the head, ears and neck as to protect the wearer nearly as well as the hood mentioned. It should be wrapped over the top of the head and under the chin from one to three times, and several times around the neck, according to the severity of the weather; the hat that is usually worn may then be placed over it. With this protection to the head, ears and neck, and the remainder of the body proportionately as well clothed, a few hours' ride or walk in a sharp, frosty atmosphere will not only be enjoyable but invigorating.—*Dr. Rumbo's Hygiene of Calarrh.*

During the year of 1881 the prosperity of the United States was without a parallel in our history, and yet in this same year twenty-nine railroads passed from the hands of the original owners by bankruptcy foreclosure proceeding to wind up their old outstanding obligations. The total mileage of these roads is 2,617 miles, and their combined capital was nearly \$128,000,000. From the year 1876 up to the beginning of the year 1881, a period of five years, 228 railroads with a total mileage of 20,305, representing a total nominal capital of \$1,236,077,000, passed into the hands of the receiver. These amounts for this period, added to the year 1881, reach these appalling totals for a period of six years: Number of railroads foreclosed, 257; mileage of the same, 22,924; nominal capital of the same, \$1,363,555,000. The total mileage and the capital here reported represents over 20 per cent. of the total railroad mileage of the country and 20 per cent. of the country's combined railroad capital.

Turned White.

A person's hair has been known to turn white in a single night from fright or some other mental distress. But by a little act of carelessness, the hair of a cashier in a Parisian store was turned white in an hour or two. A French correspondent tells the story: He went to the bank to cash a cheque of his firm for one hundred and fifty thousand francs (\$30,000), in order to pay several bills. As he was away longer than was expected, the proprietors became uneasy. A sort of epidemic of runaway cashiers had entered Paris, and the more they thought of his not coming the more alarmed they became.

Failing to find him at his restaurant or at home, they notified the police, and set the telegraph at work. Meantime, the poor cashier was as much afraid that the money was lost as they were.

On his return from the bank, he turned by force of habit into his restaurant for breakfast, usually eaten in Paris about 11 o'clock.

Meeting a friend, he invited him to join him. They lingered over the meal. Suddenly remembering it was late, the cashier hastily put on an overcoat and departed for his place of business.

On his way he discovered that he had not his bank book, in which was the money. He had, in fact, put on another person's coat, doubtless his friend's.

He hurried back to the restaurant. His friend was not there, nor was the coat he wanted. He learned that his friend had gone to take a Turkish bath. He took a cab and drove with all haste to the bath.

His friend, on seeing him, laughed. It was all right. Coats were exchanged. The cashier arrived at the office just as the police thought they had captured him. After telling his story, he had a long faint, and his hair turned from black to white.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Clever Crow.

I have had my Australian piping crow for about two years. At first he was quite uneducated, and rather a disreputable looking party, but, with good food and exercise, his musical talent soon developed itself. He began with the first part of "The Bells," then he got off perfectly the trumpet call of "Cease firing," "Charlie is my darling," "Nix, my dollie," and he is diligently at work at "God bless the Prince," and has the first part fairly well off. He fetches and carries like a dog, and seems never tired of running after a ball of crumpled paper, and bringing it back and putting it into one's hand, and waiting for another throw. He will tumble about on the floor, and play more like a monkey than a bird. He will get into a slipper with a string tied to it, and allow himself to be coached round and round the room, holding on all the time to the string. Some time ago we were troubled with mice, but "Peter" soon brought them to a sense of their situation. He ferreted them out, chased them, killed them, and, having duly washed them in his water tin, hung them up to dry, picked them, and swallowed them. It requires great perseverance in training these birds. They will eat almost anything. Some days ago our bird swallowed a piece of glass, and for two days and nights was very ill, moaning pitifully; but he at last brought it up in the usual way hawks and owls do. He is now quite recovered, and in full song.—*The London Field.*

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Evolutionists may talk, but Adam was the prime evil man.

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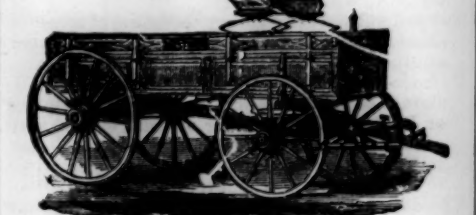
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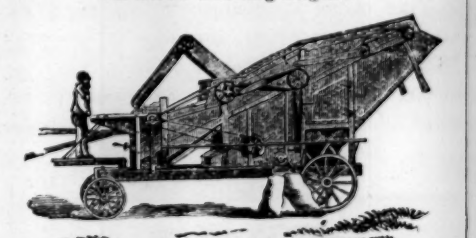
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All orders directed to H. E. MATTHEWS, 609 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., will be filled on the same terms on which we fill orders sent directly to our office in Philadelphia.

Patients ordering from our depository in San Francisco, should, at the same time, write to us, and give a statement of their case, in order that we may send such advice and direction in the use of the treatment as their special disease may seem to require.

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Depos

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Sunday-School Lesson—Seed Thoughts—
May 21, 1882.

BY REV. CHAS. A. SAVAGE.

Seeing and Confessing the Christ. (Mark viii: 22-23.)

Golden Text.—"Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Matt. xvi: 16.

Vs. 22. The only way to restore sight to the spiritually blind is to bring them to Jesus. We cannot open their eyes by touching them ourselves, by our own arguments or instructions. Unless the hand of Jesus is laid upon them, they will not be made to see.

Some who are blind will willingly put their hand in ours to be led to the Nazarene Physician. Others are not willing to go; but we may carry them all in our hearts and pray that they may be willing to have their sight restored.

Vs. 23. Observe Christ's gentleness. He took the blind man's hand in his own. He led him away from the public gaze. He made use of means to effect a cure. He brought it about gradually.

There was a reason for all this. His very touch gave confidence and inspired faith. He wished to take the man apart where nothing would distract his attention from himself. Jesus himself should be the first object the opened eye should rest upon.

It is just this method that the Saviour pursues in the conversion of souls.

How often it happens that a man is led by a hand that cannot see to a place where the light of Jesus' face bursts upon him. The history of every revival season would show many instances of men thus brought under the influence of the gospel, and at last led to the Saviour, as it would seem, by chance, but as they gladly acknowledge afterwards, by the loving hand of God.

Vs. 24. Faith and spiritual sight are often of gradual growth. The inquiring soul comes to see that there are grand truths and glorious realities in the gospel, but at first they seem distorted and out of their proper proportion. There are many mysteries which the new-born soul cannot understand. But let no one be discouraged on that account.

This healing of the blind man well illustrates what Paul says to the Philippians: "Work out your own salvation; for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do his good pleasure."

Christ was all the while working in this man, but he himself was anxious to see, and earnestly trying to do so.

Vs. 25. Jesus does not leave the earnest, struggling soul till his eyes see the way of salvation clearly.

But the whole world was not revealed to the blind man at once. At first he only saw Jesus and the things immediately about him. As long as he lived he was continuously seeing more and more of the beauties of the world with the eyes that the Great Physician had restored.

It is just so of the spiritual eyesight. The eye falls on Jesus first. It takes in a few rays of the light that comes from him. It is constantly seeing more and more of the divine glory, and of the truth of God, but it can never see it all. Let us pray for this clear sight of spiritual truth.

Vs. 26. Jesus made this man a home missionary at once. There were reasons why he should not at first go about the town talking about Jesus; but at his home he could be a witness for the all-healer.

Vs. 27. When we go from place to place, we may take Jesus along with us and talk with him "by the way." Often we may be drawn into the closest companionship at such a time as that.

Jesus regards it as very important that men should have correct ideas about himself. He foresaw that in aftertimes there would be much controversy concerning him, and it was very necessary that his disciples should know the truth.

Vs. 28, 29. There were those who denied the divinity of Christ eighteen hundred years ago. It is no new doctrine, this claiming that he was only a man, though the best of men, the wisest, the "greatest of those born of women."

But Jesus was not satisfied with that. His disciples must see that there was something more in him than the greatest of the prophets were. That disciple was pronounced "blessed" who acknowledged him as "The Christ."

This is the first creed of the Church, and Jesus accepts it. He does not demand a long formula, but simply "Thou art the Christ."

That is just what we need. The acceptance of a personal Christ, with all that it implies, is salvation. This is the first instance when Christ's followers are separated from the world by a "profession of faith."

We observe that this sublime confession came from the lips of those who knew Jesus best.

If men have any doubt about him, let them study him, get near him, feel the pulsations of his heart. There will be little difficulty then about understanding, or, at least, believing him.

It is well to notice that the blessing pronounced on Peter by the Master for this confession, as recorded by Matthew, is omitted in this gospel, which was writ-

ten under the eye of the great apostle. Ask your Catholic friend why it was.

Vs. 30. This direction of Jesus is not a contradiction of his command in another place to confess his name before men. But it teaches us that there may be times when Christians should keep silent concerning their highest hopes and feelings.

Vs. 31. Strange teaching this was when the disciples had just risen to the sublime conception of Jesus as the Christ of God. But those two thoughts—the divine Christ, the divine Sacrifice—must blend together. One must accept the first, before he can grasp the significance of the second.

Vs. 32. Many of the plainest sayings of Jesus, men do not understand, because they are blinded by prejudice.

Peter's vanity was excited by the blessing which the Master had pronounced upon him. So we often become proud on account of the distinguishing blessings of God, and are thus led into sin.

Vs. 33. Jesus recognizes the fact that it is Satan who speaks through the over-zealous, over-confident disciple, and rebukes him. It is not a pleasant thought that the evil one may sometimes use us as his mouth-piece. But he will do it whenever we give him a chance.

To the human view of the disciples, the death of their Master was the greatest calamity. In God's view, it was to bring the greatest blessing to men. This illustrates how "God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways."

California State Sabbath-School Association Convention, 1882.

The Fifteenth Annual Convention of the California State S. S. Association will be held at Stockton on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1882. An outline programme of exercises is herewith appended. Messrs. D. W. Whittle, Jas. McGranahan and Edward Kimball (of Chicago), together with several of the best S. S. workers of this State, are expected to assist.

Each Sabbath-School is entitled to send two delegates, and one additional delegate for every fifty members or major fraction thereof more than one hundred members.

The Sabbath-Schools of the State are requested to assist in carrying on the work of the Association by contributing to the extent of three (3) cents per member for the year ending April, 1883. Please remit by post-office order, registered letter or postage stamps, to Herbert Folger, P. O. Box 1669, San Francisco.

The people of Stockton will provide entertainment for accredited delegates, and the hotels will entertain visitors at the special rate of \$1.25 per day—one room and three meals being furnished at this price.

The splendid steamer *Mary G. Irwin* has been chartered for the occasion, and will leave San Francisco Tuesday morning, May 16th, at 8 A. M., touching San Quentin, Benicia and Antioch. The best possible arrangements will be made for the comfort and pleasure of passengers, and a piano and organ will be placed on board. Steamer will arrive at Stockton about 6 P. M., and returning, leave there Friday morning. Fare for the round trip, \$3.00; fare one way, \$2.00. Meals 50 cents each. Berths 50 cents per day. Tickets may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's music store, W. M. Searby's pharmacy, 859 Market Street, or of Herbert Folger, 412 California Street.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.
Tuesday Evening, May 16.
7:30. Vesper Service.
8. Sermon.

Wednesday Morning, May 17.
9. Bible Reading.
9:30. Organization: Election of President and Assistant Secretary.
9:40. Report of State Secretary. Report of State Treasurer. Appointment of Committee on Nominations.

10. The Teacher: (a), His Spiritual Preparation. Discussion.
11. The Teacher: (b), His Intellectual Qualifications. Discussion.

Wednesday Afternoon.
2. Reports from County and Township Organizations, followed by a paper on the present condition of the S. S. work in this State.

3. The Teacher in his Study: (a), His Preparation of the Lesson and his plans for its Presentation. Discussion.
4. The Teacher in his Study: (b), His Use of Helps. Discussion.

Wednesday Evening.
7:30. Vesper Service.
8. Address—Paul as a Model Teacher.

Thursday Morning, May 18.
9. Bible Reading.
9:30. Election of State Secretary, Treasurer, and five members of the Executive Committee. Selecting place of next Convention.

10. The Teacher with his Class: (a), Securing their Attendance and Attention. Discussion. The Teacher with his class: (b), Exposition of the Lesson. Discussion.

Thursday Afternoon.
2. The Teacher with his Class: (c), His Use of Illustrations.
3. The Teacher with his Class: (d), His Enforcement and Application of the Truths. Discussion.

4. Question Drawer.
Thursday Evening.
7:30. Vesper Service.

8. The Great End of Sabbath-School Work. Adjournment.
M. M. GIBSON, Ch'n. Ex. Com.
W. M. SEARBY, State S. S. Sec.

Publishers' Department.

Entered at the postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance; \$3.00 after three months—which rates include the payment of the postage by us.

The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money.

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[apr26-1m.]

CANNED GOODS AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.—Canned Fruits and Vegetables, such as those prepared by King, Morse & Co., have not only become necessities in modern house-keeping, but their use has shown that some varieties are even better for food than fresh articles. Apricots, Bartlett Pears, Cherries and Tomatoes are much better when properly canned than in their natural state, while when the other varieties cannot be obtained in the market, the Canned Fruits are an excellent substitute. Apricots in being canned lose none of their flavor, while the process of preparation makes them uniformly palatable. The sense of fullness one experiences in eating a ripe pear is modified in partaking of the canned article, and the appetite is agreeably stimulated. The tendency in ripe cherries to distress the stomach is entirely obviated in the process of canning and canned cherries can be partaken of freely with no unpleasant results. The rank taste of the raw tomato which is distasteful to some, is removed in canning that vegetable, which thus becomes the most delicious and wholesome of all vegetables. Every housekeeper knows the brand of King, Morse & Co.

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AGENCIES IN ALL The States, Territories & British Provinces

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

JANUARY 1, 1882,

ASSETS,

\$4,072,575.03.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,250,000.00

All Outstanding Claims, - - - - - 162,599.08

Reserve for Re-Insurance, - - - - - 1,327,112.18

Policy-Holders' Surplus, - - - - - 2,582,863.77

SURPLUS OVER ALL - - - - - 1,332,863.77

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